

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1872.

December.

FAMILIAR GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE Spring of 1871 opened in London with its characteristic pall of impenetrable mist, that enfolded not only the crowded thoroughfares, the busy marts of trade, and dismal quarter of St. Giles, but it wreathed itself about the palaces of the "West End" as well.

This funereal gloom and stifling atmosphere constitute the shadow of death not unfrequently to those who are buoyant in strong, healthful vitality, while to my friend, Mrs. M'C., whose city residence lay in "Queen's Gate Gardens," it seemed likely to prove a fatal influence. Hence, for her sake, we decided to seek a more rural world, where the gray fog, that so darkened every pleasant view in London, should roll up like a curtain, disclosing green pastures and rippling brooks, leafy trees and charming villas—a dot of earth somewhere, on which one might rest, near peaceful rivers, margined by the graceful weeping-willow, or lofty white-and-green-trunked sycamores. Thus it happened that the feminine element, composing the household of Jay Cooke & Co.'s banking-house in London, found themselves, one April evening, at "Tunbridge Wells," where, in the centuries gone by, poor unfortunate Charles Rex and his glittering court drank of its famous iron waters, like unto our own more unpretentious party from Yankee land. It is a pleasant and historical spot, even separate and apart from its sanitary interest; for here still stand the old castles, somber and gray, where Elizabeth, the Queen, tarried on her celebrated "progress," in 1561; and here, also, is "Penshurst Place," the family seat of Sir Philip Sidney, afterward of Lord Leicester, and later still of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet.

Vol. XXXIII.—26*

In this palace are exhibited the sword of Leicester and the old armor, both chain and plate, worn by many a renowned knight of this period. We are permitted to handle the match-lock gun and antique bridle of the proud Duke of Buckingham, and tapestry work embroidered by the fair hands of Queen Elizabeth, as gifts for Sir Philip Sidney, and presented to him, together with her chair of state, her couch, and card-table.

In the picture-gallery still hang portraits of noble ladies and lovely children, mothers and sisters of Sir Philip, among which is the beautiful Dorothea Sidney, the "Saccharissa" of Waller, the poet. One painting represents the queen dancing with Lord Leicester, and not more modest in the manipulations than are our fashionable round dances of the present day. But we can not linger among these enticing memorials of Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, and Gainsborough, of Van Dyck, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Joshua Reynolds; for all these, and many more of art celebrities belonging to many famous eras, are represented in the extensive gallery. Let us simply remark, before going back to grand old "Penshurst Castle," that we may exhume part of its past history for the readers of this magazine, that these old palaces are most comfortless places of abode for the generations of this nineteenth century, whatever may have been their esteemed merit five hundred years ago. Their owners being quite cognizant of this fact, usually construct modern apartments, far removed from the ancient pile, which they occupy, leaving the antiquated portion for exhibition to the curious in such matters, whether at home or abroad.

In the long catalogue of eminent nobles that crown the aristocracy of England, no names stand out with a more unsullied crest, or more

brilliant pedigree, than those of Pembroke and Sidney. The latter family was of Norman growth, and the ancestral oaks about "Penshurst Place" were planted in the reign of Charles I, while the noble elms, more ancient still, recall the old Norman line, whose successive generations watched their growth, and delighted in the shade of this venerable forest.

We have, in the "Day's-book" of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a prolix detail of one belonging to this fine old race, who was "a councilor, a legislator, a benefactor; the country gentleman, the courtier, the general, and the conqueror." He is described as "clad in close ruff, light doublet, black, and girded with lace; a steeple-crowned hat, bombasted trunk-hose, and nether hose of good linsey; for silk, so wise a man would abjure." The family were renowned for nobility of character from the beginning, with a proclivity for letters, noted for piety, and esteemed for their courage. Even the present generation takes pride in tracing their lineage back to Gundreda, a daughter of William the Conqueror, whose tombstone bears this significant record, "She was Mary to her Lord, and Martha to her neighbor." From Gundreda, through the marriage of her daughter to the Earl of Warwick, the direct ancestor of the Sidneys, is the present race descended.

Sir Henry, father to the heroine of this brief sketch, was no less exalted in moral attributes and mental culture than his predecessors, and history delights to speak of him as "a consummate legislator, a valiant general, a good privy counselor, and a pietist, without hypocrisy or guile, yet in every sense a man of the world, whose human interests were ever modified by the love of God." His marriage with the Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, was a most fit and congenial choice, she being of very noble descent, and possessing every feminine grace and virtue. Such were the parents of Philip and Mary Sidney, the former of whom was considered the most gallant and accomplished knight that adorned the magnificent court of Queen Elizabeth. His poetic ability can never be questioned by any age so long as that exquisitely beautiful idyl, "Arcadia," remains, whose calm and lofty sentiments of faith, embodied in a truly poetic diction, constitute it, in spite of its antiquated style, a model of literary excellence. Philip Sidney's mental attainments were high, and to these were added the charm of personal beauty, an ancient and noble descent, and moral proclivities, without rebuke. He was knighted by the queen, and except for a secret and imprudent marriage, the felicity of this nobleman

seemed at its zenith when he proposed to accompany Sir Francis Drake in his expedition against the Spanish settlements of America. He afterward served in the campaign to relieve the oppression of the "Low Countries," under the brave Maurice, son of the pious Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and also for a season under that most incompetent general, the Duke of Leicester. Having been sent, in the month of September, with a detachment of men, he was met by the enemy near Zutphen, and the gallant officer received a musket-ball in his knee. The bone was broken, and the ball penetrating to the thigh, Sidney was conveyed senseless from the field, although hopes were entertained of his final recovery. Mortification of the wound, however, soon became apparent, and the young man, most wonderfully gifted, servant of her royal majesty, expired on the 17th of October, 1585, at the early age of thirty-two years. It was at the time of receiving this fatal wound occurred that incident which has made a simple, unstudied sentence an imperishable memorial of this Christian hero. Faint from loss of blood, Sidney called for water. He was about to take the cup from his attendant, when his eye rested in pity upon a poor soldier, who was suffering the agony of a mortal wound. "This man's necessities are greater than mine; give him the draught," said the thirsty, faint, and dying knight; and history has since canonized him into a something almost divine.

The noble brother and sister, Philip and Mary, had been so intimately united in all their pursuits, that his untimely death must have destroyed, or at least diminished, much of the fascination which this world might have otherwise exercised over his earliest companion, the Lady Mary. It did indeed interrupt, but could not destroy, the beautiful symmetry of her future life, which was henceforth devoted to literature and acts of beneficence.

The education of Mary Sidney was conducted with the view to constitute her, not only an agreeable, enlightened, and reflective woman, but also a polemic in divinity, and an adept in courtly grace. In this versatile *régime* of polite study, she ever realized that intellectual culture and true refinement could only be perfected by Christian principle and courtesy. To be a lady of condition, however superficial the other education might be—and which was in truth a mere fiction during the vulgar reign of the first three Georges—it necessarily included English poetry and a good degree of classical lore, all of which was acquired by our heroine without stint. Another powerfully inducing cause of

the brilliant intellectual pre-eminence of Lady Mary was the constant influence of her gifted brother, who regarded her as his mental compeer, fully able to cope with and sympathize in his pursuits, and to appreciate the merits of his literary work.

The first separation between the brother and sister occurred when Sir Philip was eighteen, he then having been sent by Queen Elizabeth to France, where Charles IX made him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. During the months of his absence, Mary Sidney continued at home the studies which won her praise from many a historian and poet. Her taste for versifying was also strengthened and improved by the companionship of Spenser, who was nearly of the same age with Sir Philip, and a relative.

The comparative seclusion and picturesque beauty of "Penshurst" was also favorable to the development of her muse. Davidson, in his "Poetical Rhapsody," gives us a pastoral dialogue in praise of "Astrea," written by Mary Sidney before leaving her quiet home for the splendors of "Wilton House," and which is a tribute to Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit to Penshurst Castle; "Astrea" personating the maiden queen, of course.

The earnest pursuit of belles-lettres and scientific investigation was somewhat interrupted, in 1576, by her marriage to Henry, Earl of Pembroke, when the modest, gifted, unassuming girl was transplanted to the almost princely magnificence of Wilton. It was a martial age, and many young maidens of those days in England were destined to leave homes of delicate refinement and quiet study, to become the wives of "rough soldiers, dry statesmen, or mere hunting and hawking nobles and squires." But Mary Sidney was as singularly fortunate in her marital relations as in her maiden life, under the shadow of Penshurst elms. It was, without doubt, a marriage of affection, as the benevolent character of her father, Sir Henry Sidney, would not have dictated in this most momentous act of her life, unless to aid her in securing a rare chance for happiness in the future. Although so young, she was the third wife of the Duke of Pembroke, he having been divorced from his first, the daughter of Grey, Earl of Suffolk, and separated by death from the second. His father, William, Earl of Pembroke, was one of the most grand characters of his times, and it is related with high pride, in the chronicles of that era, how "the earl had ridden to his mansion of Baynard Castle with a retinue of three hundred horsemen, a hundred of whom were gentlemen in suits of blue cloth, with chains around their necks, and badges, denoting

a kind of bond or servitude, on their sleeves, which bore a dragon worked in gold." Neither did the herald omit to proclaim what costly largess there was at the earl's funeral, "where two thousand pounds were spent for mourning habiliments, every thing else corresponding with this bounteous expenditure."

To return again to our heroine; we can fancy from historic details, that there was perhaps a greater charm in her wonderful mental development, that attracted to Wilton so many illustrious persons of that period, than in her mere personal beauty, although it is said she received her guests "with a stately grace, tempered by great sweetness and courtesy of manner. She could not have been devoid of physical attractions, as the portraits still extant of her ladyship are marked by a long oval face, a small mouth, not defective in amiability of expression, yet not entirely responsive to her sweet gracious manner when speaking, dreamy, thoughtful eyes, with fine arched eyebrows. Her hair, dressed in the prevailing mode of thick, tiny curls, is brushed back from a low, broad forehead, and, on the whole, is a face more intellectual, perhaps, in its development than physically fascinating. As described by a recent biographer, an Englishwoman, "the dress is very stiff and stately, such as one may conceive her to have worn when receiving Queen Elizabeth, or going with a sickened heart, when a widow, to the wild gayeties patronized by Anne of Denmark. An enormous ruff of delicate lace stands out, and shows her fair throat and neck, round which two rows of immense pearls are thrown. Over the light sleeves of her dress is a velvet mantle edged with minever, that seems to have been designed for queens and courts alone. Two pear-shaped pearls fall down beneath the hair as ear-rings, and the long, thin hands hold a psalter."

The coterie of celebrities who flitted about the princely domains of Wilton, and filled, at times, the picture-galleries of the palace, was indeed numerous, among whom towered Raleigh, so "fancy full of poesy," yet in perfect equipoise by mental strength. His grandly developed brow gleams out from a mass of black hair, closely cut square, with wonderfully keen eyes, a slight mustache over a faultless mouth, and neatly pointed beard—always dubbed the truest knight of a chivalrous age. And Will Shakespeare was there a guest; and Spenser; and Sir John Harrington, the godson of Queen Elizabeth; and Cecil, her crooked-bodied, crooked-minded minister, who could never have been a favorite with the uncorrupted, true-hearted, noble Lady Pembroke,—he so crafty, so hard-

natured; she so gentle, pure, and honest. Perhaps the most attractive gem in the household at Wilton, who cast the prime minister of Elizabeth in somber shadow, was Albert Massinger, a bondman attending on the great Earl William and his son Henry. He possessed high mental ability in his own right; but will ever be renowned as the father of Philip, the gifted poet and dramatist. This latter was a shy, reserved, poor, democratic youth, whom we must never fancy a guest at the great earl's table, but rather an appanage to the servant's hall; yet, for all that, he was never a serf in spirit, but sauntered in a lordly, lonely way about the deeply shadowed park, dreamy, meditative, abstracted, quite apart from the common hind; a handsome youth with magnificent brow, soft, kind, thoughtful eyes, a small, somewhat irresolute mouth, a not ungraceful figure, and the author of that popular essay and drama, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

And there we find, too, Ben Jonson, the son of an honest farmer, himself a hod-carrier and brick-layer—the man who owed to his mother, perhaps, a liberal education at Westminster and Cambridge, she being described as a "woman of rare powers and spirit." Under a face scarred and seamed by disease, Ben Jonson carried a massive, yet sparkling intellect; a great, awkward, ungainly form, responsive to his loud, burly voice, and overbearing wit. The fashionable masque, as performed at Wilton, was conceived by a rich and noble brain-force, worthy a far higher exercise, where Law composed the air to which the exquisite poetry of Ben Jonson was sung, while the scenery, decorations, and dresses were contrived and executed by that inimitable artist and architect, Inigo Jones.

In the midst of all these court gayeties, in which the Herbert family were compelled to take a conspicuous part, the Countess of Pembroke remained unfainted by the world. Among those who were her most familiar friends, must be noticed Dr. John Donne, whose pure and beautiful biography, in the quaint annals of old Izaak Walton, is a rare memorial of affection and high esteem. Dr. Donne was of the family of Sir Thomas More, yet, devoting himself to the Anglican Church, was finally imprisoned for a secret and runaway match with a niece of the Lord High Chancellor of England, Ellesmere. She clung to her persecuted lover and husband through every adverse change with all a woman's tender faithfulness; and, in after years, both were rewarded by the valued and cherished friendship of the Countess of Pembroke, as also by many of the great and noble,

and sought out by all true pietists throughout the realm.

In the versatility of her almost regal life, Mary Pembroke indulged neither in dissipation nor sought seclusion; she entered into all the great subjects of the period, and could enjoy the wit of Ben Jonson, while no less the companion of the saintly, chastened, and benign Dr. Donne. With all her brilliancy in gay assemblies, which gathered at Wilton a circle of superior intellects such as can never assemble within its stately halls again, her energy, her heart, were still directed to the service of her Creator. The version of Psalms, a joint production of herself and brother, is devout as it is beautiful, and has obtained the name of the Sidneyan Psalms. Blessed with friends, wealth, high estates, and every domestic felicity, one might indeed fear lest one so greatly endowed were not able to withstand the incessant gifts of fortune. But the countess had her cross to bear, and often looked upon this bright life through very somber shadows. Between her brother, Philip Sidney, and herself, the tenderest affection and sympathy had subsisted from their earliest years, which knew no intermittance until broken by the untimely close of his heroic life. The elegy written by her, as a lamentation over this well-beloved companion, and which was published in one of the poet Spenser's works, is full of pathetic regret for his loss, and the most tender appreciation of his noble character. It breathes a wondrous Christian trust, that the divine decree of death would finally work out for the faithful a life eternal.

Lady Mary also survived her noble husband, the Earl of Pembroke, twenty years. Of her two sons, William, the elder, who succeeded his father, inherited his mother's ability, as also the talent and grace of his Uncle Philip. Magnificent in his hospitalities, a graceful speaker, full of wit, learning, and courtesy, he still constituted the one great sorrow of the Lady Mary's closing years.

A most infelicitous marriage to the Lady Mary Talbot, whose inheritance was a lavish one, and himself one of the richest of English peers; his vast resources were squandered in riotous living, for which the united princely incomes of himself and wife were found insufficient to the expense. His amours were disgraceful; and, while having a high appreciation of virtue, and comprehending all the peace it bestows, he was still the slave of evil passion and unhallowed pleasure. All these things were against our heroine, and yet she was, as Hartley Coleridge expresses it, "Happy as the praises of grateful poets could make her"—

happy in her fair reputation, and it is to be hoped, happy also in the duteous attendance of her sons.

The Countess of Pembroke lived, when in London, in Aldergate Street, where also she died in the year 1621. The locality in which she breathed her last was then both fashionable as a residence and picturesque in its surroundings. The street was entered by a fine old gate, through which James I had entered London in 1572, an event which was commemorated by various inscriptions on the pillars, where afterward the heads of several regicides were set. This structure suffered greatly during the great fire of London, and was subsequently taken down and sold for the sum of ninety thousand pounds. The gate-way led afterward to one of the most spacious and uniform streets in the metropolis, where the buildings were detached from each other, with green lawns encircling them. Thanet House, the work of Inigo Jones, was once the habitation of Lord Shaftesbury (Ashley), but which is now a dispensary. A little higher up, the infamous Maillard, Duke of Lauderdale resided, and John Taylor, the poet; while John Milton also chose this street for his home, on account of the pretty rural garden his study commanded. Near by, also, the sister of Philip Sidney expired, in a good old age.

Osborne, the poet-historian, who praises, mayhap too warmly, this "Queen of Society," left to the world the following epitaph on the countess:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and good and learned as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

THE IMPRECATORY PSALMS.

It is generally supposed, by casual readers of the Bible, that the Psalms were all, or nearly all, written by David. Such, however, is not the fact. It can not be positively known how many he did write, as Biblical scholars disagree; but collating the different opinions, it would be safe to fix the number at about eighty. Most of the others were written by the leading musicians, who officiated in the public services of the sanctuary. These, with their families, as will be seen from 1 Chronicles xv, 17-19, and xxv, 1, 2, were solemnly consecrated to this work. Asaph, by which name we are to understand himself and his descendants, seems to have held a position of great prominence, and about a dozen Psalms are attributed to him. The sons of Korah were an-

other family of distinction in the sacred choir of the Temple worship, and composed a number of these Hebrew songs. The authorship of a few is ascribed to Solomon, and some Biblical writers add to the list Moses, Jeremiah, Haggai, and a few others.

But it is a matter of little interest, comparatively, as to the authorship of these inimitable productions. They are, to all true Christians, among the most precious portions of God's Word. They strike a responsive chord in every devout soul. As the gentle shower to the parched ground, the withering grass, the drooping flower; so these are to the thirsty heart, yearning for a higher life. The different phases of religious experience are so strikingly portrayed, that we almost fancy the poet writing up our own religious history. How the soul, bowed down by bitter anguish, has been lifted, as on wings of eagles, by the assurance that God inclined his ear to the cry of the Psalmist! The eye, dimmed by sorrow, has suddenly brightened with hope. The cloud that hung upon the brow has given place to the light of joy. The heart, heaving and tossing like the sea in a fierce tempest, has become as calm as the unruffled lake that heard the voice of Jesus. How strange it seems now, as the eye of faith takes in the precious promises, that sorrow ever o'erwhelmed the soul! The language that comes leaping from the lips is, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God!" It seems the strangest thing in the world that all men do not come into the light, that every thirsty soul does not drink from the ever-flowing fountain. Until corrected by actual experience, there is a conviction that a little missionary effort will induce every body to embrace the Savior.

But in reading these precious portions of inspiration, the pious soul is often startled by some expressions, in the form of prayer, that seem not to harmonize with the general tone of Christianity. The following are among the most prominent of these vindictive prayers: Psalm lv, 15: "Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell!" Psalm cxl, 9: "As for the head of those that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them. Let burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire; into deep pits, that they rise not up again." If the reader desires, he may turn to Psalm cix, which is almost exclusively of this character.

In the earlier stage of our Christian experience, as many others doubtless have done, we

turned by these imprecatory Psalms to those more congenial to our hearts. We have wondered a thousand times that this feature of that portion of the Bible, so much admired, is not oftener explained. We do not now remember of ever having heard a sermon preached on the subject, or to have seen a newspaper article.

In the consideration of this subject we remark:

1. That the language used by the Psalmists is poetic, and highly figurative. As quoted above, "let burning coals fall upon them," etc., no more can be meant than that they should be overwhelmed in the ruin they had planned for others. If a magazine should be prepared to blow up a family or town, no one would think it unmerciful or unjust to turn the instrument of death upon the heads of those who had plotted mischief to others. This is precisely what the Psalmist prays for: "Into the very pit which they digged for others, let them fall themselves."

2. Let it be remembered that, in all these prayers, it is quite certain that the imprecation was uttered entirely in subordination to the will of God. If any other plan more in accordance with mercy, to accomplish the end in view, could be devised, it was the desire of the Psalmist that it should be done. So far as David is concerned, this view is proved beyond a doubt, by the mercy he exhibited toward his enemies during his entire life. On two different occasions the life of Saul was in his hands, and at both times he resolutely restrained his men from executing vengeance. When he heard of the death of this worthless monarch, he was filled with grief. A more daring and traitorous plot was never laid against a government, than that of which Absalom was the author. Yet when this revolutionary scheme was overthrown by the sudden death of this aspiring youth, David's heart was well-nigh broke. "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

There is but one instance in his whole history where even the show of malevolence is seen. This was the result of haste, when he received a base insult from Nabal of Carmel, on the occasion of his sheep-shearing. After listening to the sound words of Abigail, he acknowledges, with shame, his hasty and unjustifiable spirit, and said to her, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me; and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand."

3. Consider, in the next place, that the maledictions invoked in the Psalms in question, were

upon the basest enemies of God and humanity. We think it will appear to all, that personal spite was far removed from David's heart. Therefore, these prayers for vengeance were in simple recognition of a fact exemplified in the history of the world in every age, that, sooner or later, the wrath of God will overtake the wicked. And not only this, but the cup will be prepared with the same bitter ingredients that was pressed to the lips of others. The Babylonians smote the Chaldeans, overwhelming their cities, and laying waste their fields and fruitful vineyards. The Babylonians, in process of time, shared the same fate at the hands of the Persians. When the Persians' cup of iniquity was full, the Romans came down upon them like a mighty avalanche, bringing terror in their train, and burying them in utter ruin! The fate of the Romans is familiar to every school-girl. Disturbed by internecine wars, broken into factions, they finally became weak, and their mighty power, which had made the world tremble at every tread, was forever gone! God was in all this.

Now, let any one study the retributions of God—whose ways can not be criticised, however much they may differ from our notions—remembering, at the same time, the relation of the Psalmists as prophets of the Almighty, and he will not see any incongruity between the prayers for the overthrow of the wicked and the spirit of Christianity. It is in exact harmony with the teachings of Christ and the apostles. It would not be well for ordinary Christians to adopt these maledictions as a precedent, when persecuted by the ungodly, as this was sharply rebuked by the Master, when the disciples suggested a rain of fire upon the stolid Samaritans. Yet Jesus plainly declared, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." We may settle down upon the fact, that God never rebukes in judgment, where mercy can be safely exercised. As the wisest and best men are not able to distinguish when punishment is indispensable, this whole thing is left in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

In reading the history of the Israelites—their invasions upon those who had done them no harm—pillaging their cities, indiscriminately slaughtering men, women, and children—taking possession of their vineyards and flocks—looking from a human stand-point, we see not only injustice, but extreme cruelty. Scoffers at Christianity have not been slow to use this to weaken the claims of the religion of Christ upon the world. They entirely overlook the fact that God, as a

sovereign, has a perfect right to execute his plans in his own way.

We said, "looking from a human standpoint." But we are not thus to look. The Israelites were under a pure theocracy. They moved at the behest of God. The commandment came directly from his lips. More than five hundred years before this, he had promised this land of Canaan to the descendants of Abraham. This promise is now to be fulfilled. But the Canaanites must be removed. How shall it be done? Had they been all buried in one common grave by an earthquake, or deluged in an ocean of fire from a volcano, or swept away by a deadly pestilence, or gnawed by the relentless tooth of famine, no infidel would ever have moved his tongue. God might thus have prepared the way for his chosen people. But he saw fit, for wise reasons, to make them the executioners of his justice. The Israelites fully understood this, all the way along recognizing the hand of God. There is not the slightest evidence that this work of destruction was done in a vindictive spirit.

We have already alluded to the teachings of Jesus, with respect to retribution. There are several examples recorded in the New Testament in the same line. Paul said, "Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much harm; the Lord reward him according to his work." Now, this is precisely the same as the prayers in the Psalms under consideration. Again: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" The case of Ananias and Sapphira, familiar to all readers of the New Testament, is directly in point.

But if the reader be not entirely satisfied with this explanation, we will state that some eminent Biblical critics have been of the opinion that the verb in the imperative mood should have been rendered, by our translators, in the indicative mood, future tense. Hence, instead of a prayer, it would be a declaration of God's irrevocable plan in dealing with the wicked.

This would make Psalm cix read as follows: "Since they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my love, thou shalt set a wicked man over him, and Satan shall stand at his right-hand. When he shall be judged, he shall be condemned, and his prayer shall become sin."

We think either of these solutions, both of which may be correct, as there is no incongruity between them, will entirely set at rest any puzzled mind.

THERE are two things which I abhor—the learned in his infidelities, and the fool in his devotions.—*Mohammed.*

MR. RUDD, THE WORKING-MAN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE evening of the party had come and gone; but the party was a failure, and Tilly cried over it. Nothing had taken place as she desired. Mr. Rudd had not fulfilled her expectations of his flourishing about the room as if intent upon making the best choice of a partner for life; but had devoted himself to *that* Cornelia all the evening. And she had made such representations, the country over, of his being surely in the matrimonial market, not to be sold to the highest bidder, but as a donation to greatest merit! Mendon, too, had flirted desperately with one of the graduates visiting the Holmes's, instead of paying exclusive attention to Anne. Then *that* Anne had no more fortitude than to break down in the midst of their best duet, because she overheard a pretty speech of Mendon's to Marietta Holmes. Tilly thought she never could stop crying, though John Holmes's efforts at soothing were meltingly tender for so dry a young man. He even tried the deepest sigh of wisdom in, "So goes the world," when she snapped out at him that "the world had no business to go so;" and then John went off in despair, and Tilly was superlatively miserable till the next day. Then the house was one slough of despond, with the exception of uncle; for all besides sympathized with Tilly; and in the evening of this never-to-be-forgotten day Mr. Rudd declared that he must have some music, or he should sink under it. John Holmes came in, and, with his dry fun, said he was quite equal to the occasion; not of cheering up the house, but falling in with the gloom; and this raised a general laugh, proving him a blessed negative comforter. "No music for him," he said. He had brought pea-nuts, and he knew that Aunt Parsons was never "out" of the best molasses, and pea-nut candy should be the order of the evening. But Mr. Rudd would not be overborne as to music; and not to be outdone either at efforts for cheering, asked Anne to go into the parlor to sing for him; and Tilly brightened a little, but her hopes of having John to herself were not full, till I was also persuaded to accompany Mr. Rudd and Anne to the parlor. Uncle and aunt followed, and Tilly's hopes were fulfilled.

"*Possession* again obtained," whispered Mr. Rudd mischievously to me; then looked about as if he wished he had same possession of the parlor. Aunt's quizzical eyes saw the whisper and the look, and her eye of strategy became again quickened to watch for opportunity for

giving old ambition new scope. She soon had such chance. Anne sang awhile, but could not long resist the odor of boiling molasses penetrating to our retreat, and soon tripped out to "see how the candy was getting along." Then aunt looked a Napoleon of strategy, and said, tenderly: "Pa, how tired you do look! Come, and I'll make your ginger-tea, and you shall go to bed!" and the good "pa" passively followed her out. I was bringing up the rear, on excuse of also going to see that Tilly did not spoil the candy in the making, when aunt playfully pushed me back into the parlor and shut the door.

I was highly offended, and opened it again to go out, when Mr. Rudd said:

"I have not had a song from you yet. Please stay, and sing me something that will not hit me, as a song did once upon a time."

"You were hit, then?" I asked, half smilingly, as I paused, with my hand on the door-knob.

"Yes; hit and hurt too."

"Ah, were you?" and my hand dropped from the door-handle.

"Sing this?" he asked, in the tone of expecting to be denied, as he placed the piece of music open on the piano.

"I do not know whether I am familiar with it," said I, coming forward to look at it.

"What a disagreeable odor that molasses boiling emits!" said he, closing the door. "Do you want to take your share of the candy through the nasal organs?" he asked, coming up close to me.

"O, I do not like this song; the words are so silly," said I, waiving the door-shutting.

"But they are very sweet and tender," said he.

"Not dignified enough. Please choose something else."

"For that reason I chose it, to put dignity out of the question," said he, coloring.

I blushed too, and asked, "Should it ever be out of the question?"

"O, sometimes, when it means distance," said he, trying to say it playfully.

"Am I distant? I have always imagined myself quite affable," said I, affecting surprise.

"So you are; and I will acknowledge that it is my doing, if you have ever been distant with me; that is, I have done something to deserve it, when you have put on dignity toward me," said he.

I was overpowered by the tone and manner in which that was said, and with downcast eyes I turned, and began to look over the music nervously. He went on. "I am sorry such a barrier to our firm friendship has arisen on account of that foolish practical joke, which cer-

tainly did not add much to my manliness or good breeding, and I now make suitable acknowledgment for the same."

I tried to smile and make suitable reply; but he looked so sensitive, and his voice had trembled so as he spoke, that I found myself unable to speak a word. But that would not do, my woman's tact said, and so I commanded myself and pleasantly replied: "I believe I did you injustice, Mr. Rudd. Let us overlook the past and be good friends again," and I held out my hand.

He took it, and then we unconsciously seated ourselves, side by side, on the sofa, and were soon talking and laughing about the good hoax, and all the foolish things that had been said and done while it was in progress.

"I warned you, you will remember," said he, "that you would not like Mr. Rudd when you came to know him."

"Yes; and I thought you very envious for saying so."

"I told you that I often disagreed with him, and that it was hard for him to treat me decently afterward. I am dreadfully put out with him now, and wish you could say something good in his behalf."

"He has said the best thing in his own behalf," said I—"acknowledged his fault."

"Then the dignity of right is properly upheld at last?" he asked, in meaning tone.

"Yes," said I, for lack of any thing else to say.

"I wish I might be her champion forever and aye, provided she always take human form," said he, pretending to say it musingly; then, as I blushed deeply, adding, more brightly, the question, "How came you to suppose that I was a railroad contractor?"

"Miss Bonnibel told me so," said I, wondering at the abruptness of the question.

"That reliable narrator! She made all the mischief in this house. It is true, I did a little surveying on this new railroad, but only to satisfy myself as to the lawful portion Uncle Sam could take off our farm."

I laughed at that, and he did too, and then took courage to say:

"I am not a railroad contractor, and yet I have a taste for contracts—in fact, am on the lookout for making a life contract with some one who would help me to—don't go, Miss Holly. I must hear your song first."

I had made a move toward the door, almost unconsciously, for sometimes our tones convey more meaning than our words; and Mr. Rudd's did now, or I fancied they did, and so was about to flee from their application; but at the

entreaty for the song, I remained to fulfill that part of a contract.

We fixed upon a tune by and by, and both tried to sing it with our unsteady voices, but declared, after a while, that neither was in the humor for singing, and rallied each other about the secret wish to join the candy-makers. Then I tried to play some long variations to the "Last Rose of Summer," which Mr. Rudd believed were grand, if I would only go through with them, at which feat I was aiming with all my might, but breaking down in the middle of each strain as often as I tried it. So he chose something easier, and I played it just as badly, and then Tilly called to us. He looked disappointed, that I arose with alacrity to answer her, though he soon followed to the sitting-room, where Tilly was "cooling off" her candy.

"Where's Mr. Rudd? Had a falling out with you again?" asked Anne, eagerly.

"No, a falling in," said he, just then entering; "that is, on my part, as I have been making most unreserved confessions to Miss Holly."

John Holmes laughed, and Tilly said, joyously, "Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Holly."

"O, don't be premature with your congratulations, Miss Parsons. I am only on probation in Miss Holly's good graces," said Mr. Rudd, grumblingly.

"All right," said John, pretending to say it of the candy, as he cut it to serve out to us. "Give it a fair trial, Miss Holly."

I knew that "it" meant him, and so did Tilly; and as we munched the crisp candy, she said, "I hope Cornelia will be contented in her own sphere now, and not be forever grumbling over the contracted department of woman's work for the world."

"I hope not," said Mr. Rudd; "for a woman's sphere, like a man's, reaches every-where that she can do good in the world."

I remembered how politely he had once said, "Thank you, Miss Holly," when I defended the ill-used hired man, and I now turned and in like tone said, "Thank you, Mr. Rudd."

He colored, laughed, and graciously added: "Though I think a woman looks loveliest at home, and that there is her great empire, yet I do believe she can fill many noble places of the world's benevolence besides. I like to see a woman public spirited. She makes none the worse wife and mother on that account. A sensible man likes sympathy from his wife in his business pursuits, and much more in his philanthropic endeavors; and how can she properly sympathize with him unless she also have noble aims and aspirations?"

Beautiful words from a practical man! I treasured them up as being in advance of the age; for at that time it was fondly thought that woman had more "rights" than man, and was the embodiment of earthly perfection. But Mr. Rudd wanted a perfection less angelic. He wanted a woman of common clay, who could sympathize with another's human make. I would try to fill out his plan when I went home, I secretly thought, and looked back with some satisfaction that I had, while here, stood pretty well in the domestic picture that included woman's "great empire."

CHAPTER VII.

I was next to the youngest daughter of our house, and we had two sisters married, and one older and two younger brothers. We had some wealth, and lived in good style, though keeping but one domestic, as my sister and I had been trained to house-work after the good old fashion of long ago. Still we had, up to this time, done a good deal of fashionable dressing and visiting, like the generality of young ladies in our circumstances. But now I told Lily that we would turn over a new leaf, and not lead such useless lives. She was agreed; for, being a girl of good mind, she had often sighed over "a vapid existence," and wished she had something noble to do.

"Charity begins at home," said I. "There is our still hearty but fast aging papa; let us take turns at reading the evening paper to him. Then poor mamma, she sighs now when she has to get out of her rocking-chair to go and mix the bread at night, so we will take turns at that too. And our two noisy brothers, we will stop alternately petting and scolding them, and enter into their studies and pursuits, and occasionally take them into society with us, and try to influence them in being good and useful as they grow up."

So we two regularly filled out this domestic plan, and our formerly happy home became still happier. But even then we found we had not enough to do. Our Sabbath-school, of a truth, took up some of our week-day time, but not all of it, and what more could we do? Ah, the Industrial School lately opened in one of the poorer neighborhoods of our little city!

"But," said Lily, "none of our fashionable young lady acquaintances would have any thing to do with it, for fear of appearing old maidish."

"Out upon such cowardice!" said I. "If I shall look as grim as Betsy Trotwood, I will go and join the association nevertheless." And I did, and soon Lily was constrained to join me, notwithstanding the jeers of her friends, who

intimated that she was "fixing for a life of single blessedness."

And we soon loved the little women of the poor, who were setting out in the world's work under our direction. We cut and fitted dresses for them to sew, went into the culinary department, and showed them how to bake and wash and cook, and then, with our associates, gave them a feast once in a while. Lily taught them to sing, and I made little speeches to them on the superiority of a life of industry over one of weary inactivity. Our school sent out excellent work-women, and we believed that Hudson was supremely blessed through our endeavors. We were busy as bees, and as happy as humming-birds. Still, I had time for correspondence with Tilly. She always wrote something about Mr. Rudd, and he sent occasionally a friendly message, but did not come to see me, though I had invited him to our house when I left my aunt's. Tilly made excuses for him, saying that he wanted to come "bad enough," and would, when he and John Holmes had revolutionized the world. Mendon, she believed, was flat enough to drive into Hudson once a week, to see Anne; but John very sensibly limited himself to two calls a week at their house—and his folks such near neighbors too! Then aunt would add a lamenting postscript in respect to my want of management in not being married and settled near them, as I might have been, if I had improved the *chances* of last Summer. I wrote back cheerfully that it was not all of life to marry, and I hoped she was not wasting fine strategy any longer over the determinate Mr. Rudd; for I believed he would *go off* suddenly sometime, on his own declaration of independence, and frustrate all her well laid-plans.

And so my life went on, till one day my good father was taken sick, and began to worry about the store. The head-clerk would have too much to do; and though Arthur, my oldest brother, would bluster about having the store on his hands, he would leave the concern to take its chances while he giggled with every girl that came in; and, O dear! ruin stared us in the face, if he should have a long sickness. It was a dry-goods store, and we lived near, and I had heard that women clerks were employed in such stores in Philadelphia, and Hudson ought not to be behind in the progress of the age, and so I determined to head it in "this thing." My father was greatly relieved, for his partiality believed that Cornelia could do any thing; and so that very day saw me behind the counter.

And I had to bear the brunt in my new battle for life; for my fashionable friends coolly stared, and only nodded at me, as they came to

buy, as if it were so much more reputable to buy goods than to sell them, a reproach that only falls on the womanly, not on the manly head. And *why* on the womanly? But this is not an essay. One day, as I was busy at the lower end of the counter, a gentleman hurried in, and went to the upper end, and took out of his breast-pocket a list of dry-goods for which he had been sent. Ah! I knew that step and energetic voice; but I bent lower over the roll of goods I had taken down for some one. My brother read the list, and motioned the gentleman toward me.

"Miss Holly!" exclaimed he in such joyful accents that the other clerks all stared in utter astonishment. I impulsively reached out my hand over the counter, but soon repented of it; for Mr. Rudd pinioned it so tightly in his palm that I almost thought it would never come back to my side. Then we had so much to talk about that the list of dry-goods was forgotten, and dinner-time came, and I could do no less than invite Mr. Rudd to go and partake of it with us. He accepted with alacrity, and my father, in his arm-chair, was delighted at seeing some one with a frank face, to whom he could complain of the first sickness he had had for thirty years. Mr. Rudd declared it seemed quite providential that he should have been sent for dry-goods just at this time.

And my good mother had a capital dinner ready; in fact, she always had; for, with Aunt Parsons and me, she believed that good living (and wholesome) was one of the great moral renovators of the world. And all men agreed with us, as Mr. Rudd proved when he sat down to it. And she was kind and cordial with him; but as she had a little more pride than Aunt Parsons, she expressed herself as sorry that one of Cornelia's friends should have found her "waiting on in the store."

"O," said he, "I could not have found her better employed. I see it all at a glance. She has the nobleness to be both father's and mother's 'hired man.'"

This raised a laugh, and my mother was comforted, and Lily put quite at her ease.

After dinner, father told me I need not hurry back to the store, for there would be few customers in before three o'clock, and Aunt Parsons had sent by Mr. Rudd an order for one of the girls from our Industrial School, who could help her with her house-work and plain sewing; I might read her note to ma if I chose, for it had an important postscript that concerned me. So I took it to my own room, for fear aunt's mischief might make me blush in presence of our guest. The *postscript* was a separate note,

inviting us all to Tilly's wedding, which would take place in about a month; and she wished Cornelia to stand brides-maid with Mr. Rudd as groomsman. The strategy of that Aunt Parsons! would it ever sleep? Sending to my Industrial School, that Mr. Rudd might know how "smart" I was; then hemming me into a duty that would bring me close by his side! Well, I should have to play into her hands now. In fact, my store-keeping must have given me a "taste for contracts;" for, when in our walk to the school, Mr. Rudd renewed his proposals for a life-long contract, I blushing agreed to it, and also to an early fulfillment of the same. And soon the destinies of the working-man and the working-woman were united forever.

THE FRENCH CHURCH.

NO Church is more directly interested in the great Papal-infallibility controversy than the French. Not so much because the adoption of that dogma by the Ecumenical Council menaced her liberties—for these existed only in theory, and had long been ignored by Rome in practice—but because this dogmatic decree casts the stigma of heterodox doctrines and aspirations on her glorious history; on the acts of her Reformatory Councils at Pisa, Constance, and Basel; on the solemn declarations of her assemblies, and on the names of her greatest scholars and prelates. When the French bishops opposed, therefore, the dogma of infallibility, in the late Council, it was with them, in a certain sense, a domestic question.

It is well known that Ultramontane strategy has, for years, been preparing the way for a triumph of the new dogma; and to this end it was deemed necessary to deprive Gallicanism of its foundations, and to paralyze it in the Council. Perhaps the most effective means to this end was to discredit the struggles of the French Church against the attempted centralization of power in the Popedom, by producing historical evidence that the most solemn declarations of the liberal views enunciated by the French clergy had not been genuine convictions, but the product of royal and parliamentary manipulations. If this evidence was not to be procured by fair means, the Ultramontanes were ready to resort to their habitual tricks of prevarication. With this view appeared at Paris, in 1869, a book from the pen of Charles Gerin, entitled "*Recherches Historiques sur l'Assemblée du Clergé de France de 1682.*" On the authority of mutilated documents, this writer

seeks to demonstrate that the memorable declaration of the French clergy in the Paris Assembly of 1682, in which the so-called "Gallican Liberties" were defined in four articles, and formally adopted, had not been an expression of their real sentiments, but extorted by the influence and arts of Louis XIV and the Parliament of Paris. The position in which such a theory places Bossuet, who drew up the Declaration, and afterward defended it in a separate work, is not an enviable one. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, predicates his Pastoral Letter, on the Ecumenical Council and Papal infallibility, on Gerin's book, and deduces from it that the Assembly of 1682 was neither a council of the French Church nor the representative of the French clergy, but a meeting of court theologians, against whose actions the leading ecclesiastics of France protested, and that the Sorbonne and other leading theological faculties of Paris openly repudiated the famous four articles, though a few members of the former were persuaded by intimidation and force to adopt them. "The significance of these facts," observes Dr. Manning, "is great and manifold. It complements the rejection of the four articles by that distinguished theological school. The name of the Sorbonne is thus triumphantly cleared from a cloud which has hitherto overshadowed it, and the French Church is at last exonerated from the charge of having shared in an event which has always pained those who love and revere her noble Catholic traditions."

But even assuming that Gerin had stated his case fairly, and that the French Church of the seventeenth century had herself been not only Ultramontane but Papistic, does this prove that she has always represented this tendency in the past? On the contrary, her whole history teaches us that from the very rise of Papal absolutism, as well as in all critical epochs, when the constitution of the ancient Church was to be defended, the French clergy has ever strongly opposed Rome's usurpations, and that from her midst have emanated the ablest refutations of the Ultramontane doctrine in a series of works. In addition to this, it happens that Jules Theodore Loyson, the brother of Père Hyacinthe, who found himself profoundly touched by these events, and who saw the honor of the French clergy—especially of the Sorbonne, of which he had been a professor—impugned, gives us a different opinion of the history of the Assembly of 1682, by his more critical investigations. Loyson reproduces in his own book the historical documents used by Gerin, and other papers hitherto unconsulted.

He shows clearly what the former have become in such unscrupulous hands. Not manuscripts only, but printed and generally accessible works, were deliberately falsified by Gerin; the most innocent circumstances were distorted and blackened at discretion, and the best authenticated denied with unblushing effrontery. Gerin's entire production, says Loyson, is a web of impudent and false citations, accompanied by an inconceivable contempt for facts which are notorious.

Let us now proceed to sketch, in a few but pregnant outlines, the history of Gallicanism in France; for it affords an interesting lesson to all who have watched the present crisis in the Church of Rome.

Gallicanism may be said to rest, on the one hand, in the constitution of the early Christian Church; on the other, in the powerful sovereign consciousness of the French kings, and the self-consciousness of the people, which was the first to attain political solidarity on the European Continent; and it is, therefore, no less a political than an ecclesiastical doctrine. Already, in the second half of the ninth century, when, in consequence of the spurious decretals in favor of the Pope's temporal supremacy, the Constitution of the ancient Church was jeopardized, the French episcopate protested; and referring back to the canons of the early Church, to the liberties enjoyed in theory and practice by the bishops and synods of several countries, declared that it would recognize the Papal decretals only in so far as they agreed with the rights vested in the French Church. Under these liberties must, therefore, not be understood privileges for which the French Church was beholden to Papal liberality; but original rights belonging to the bishops, synods, and congregations, guaranteed to them by the fundamental laws of the early Christian Church. According to these laws, the bishops were the direct successors of the apostles, and commissioned, like them, by Christ to preach his Gospel. They held, therefore, their dignity, not by investiture from the Papal Chair, but were its equals in doctrinal authority, and endowed with a spiritual power of their own. They were elected independently of Rome by the congregations and the clergy; they met to deliberate under their metropolitans in independent synods, and administered the affairs and property of their respective dioceses in their own way. The Kings of France, as well of the Merovingian as of the Carolingian dynasties, were no more disposed to submit abjectly to the Pope than to the bishops, whether in temporal or spiritual matters. Charles the Great, whom

the Papal Chair permits to be adored as a saint in some churches, maintained the doctrine that the monarchy, as the representative of the laity, was even entitled to a share in the Church government. He nominated the bishops without consulting Rome; but permitted the people and the clergy to elect them afterward in accordance with the rules of the Church. Charles also reserved for himself supreme authority over the episcopate and the affairs of the Church, even participating in dogmatic decisions of the ecclesiastical bodies, and then sanctioning them. The Pope he regarded as the God-ordained guardian of the Church, and subordinated to him, from this stand-point, the bishops; but whenever the views of the Pope conflicted with the interests of the French Church, of the emperor, or of the bishops, he invariably decided against Rome. We thus perceive that the liberties of the French have, since the ninth century, been menaced by the Popedom, as they would, no doubt, have equally been menaced by a strong monarchy, which indeed came afterward to pass. The history of France constantly shows that the rights of her Church were violated by both, and that she was only able to assert them transiently when the Popedom and the monarchy were quarreling with each other.

But the feudal system soon split the State, and completely paralyzed the royal authority. The clergy and the nobles, by their extensive possessions and privileges, were not merely the leading political estate in the realm; but the Church, as the bearer of science and culture, also ruled society morally. In this way, after the Church, and the Popedom along with her, had reached the zenith of splendor and power, the latter usurped, by the aid of false decretals and other misrepresentations, a universal worldly and spiritual supremacy. The Popedom now tried to subject to its control not only all the Churches, but all countries and rulers; and hence the struggle, which began under Gregory VII, involved no less the freedom of the Church than that of the State and society in general. As under the new dogma of infallibility the whole episcopate receives its authority from and through the Pope alone; as there is no law but his fiat; as he is the representative of Christ, and disposes arbitrarily of all things,—so, then, the princes were to be his vassals and tributary to him. This dogma is, perhaps, most openly revealed in a clause to the decretals of Innocent III, on the transfer of the bishops. The Pope, it says, has a divine will, and, therefore, changes the whole nature of things. Transferring the essential qualities of one to another,

he can make something of nothing, an opinion that is no opinion into an opinion; because, from the mere fact that he wills it, the will becomes reason. There is none to say to him, "Why didst thou thus?" For he himself can set aside the right, make injustice justice, by simply reversing the right, since he has the plenitude of power.

Like the politico-ecclesiastical tendencies of the monarchy in France, so the exertions of the episcopate for independence received an effective support: first, from the theological high school at Paris, which was considered undoubted authority during the Middle Ages; secondly, from the Legists, the sages of the Roman law, who applied the idea of sovereignty, as afterward absolutistically developed in the Roman empire, to the French monarchy. The Paris University had no sooner been founded—in the first half of the twelfth century—than the Popes already sought to control its doctrines and views. But no interference in an absolutistic Papal sense succeeded with this institution until the rise of the mendicant orders, who gradually matured and propagated the doctrines of Papal infallibility and universal dominion. The University vainly struggled against them. William St. Amour vainly attacked the whole mendicant system, as unchristian and immoral. He was silenced by the Popedom, whose abject tools were promoted to chairs in the University. But the Legists stood manfully by the cause of the monarchy, and, in so far as the cause of the sovereignty of the State was represented in it, by the cause of the national independence. These men steadily developed and strengthened the State's self-consciousness, no less as opposed to the hierarchy than as to the feudal system; but, like the parliaments, they were instrumental in subjecting the Church to the State.

From the twelfth down to the close of the fourteenth century, we discover few traces to indicate that the French Church recollected her ancient rights and liberties. Louis IX, though canonized as a saint, often found himself forced to protect her rights against the continual encroachments of Rome. As early as the year 1246, he notified Innocent IV of his dissatisfaction with certain abuses, such as the enormous sums of money extorted from the country. Even were the pragmatic sanction of 1269, therefore, as alleged, really spurious, the fact that Louis was no mere vassal of the Pope, but held his own against Rome, would still be the truth. To prevent the publication of any thing antagonistic to the crown or the French Church, he had every Bull first carefully examined, and

punished those who disregarded this order by bringing such Papal manifestoes into the realm. In all temporal affairs he subjected the prelates to his jurisdiction, and would not yield this point even when threatened with excommunication. Louis, however, faithfully respected the independence of the French Church. When the Pope sought to bribe him, by the investiture of the bishops, he refused, and had the Bull burned.

In the reign of his grandson, Philip the Handsome, the struggle with the Popedom became more stubborn. Boniface VIII demanded that the Kings of France and England should submit their quarrel to his arbitration. Philip declined it, and the Pope, therefore, interdicted the payment of an extra war tax, which had been imposed on the clergy, on the ground that princes had no authority over the persons and property of ecclesiastics. Those princes who persisted in exacting this tax, as well as the clergy who paid it, were menaced with excommunication. Boniface, it is true, exempted Philip from the operation of this Bull; but, new differences soon arising, the crisis nevertheless came. The Pope summoned the French bishops to a council at Rome, in November, 1302. Philip retorted by convening the estates of the realm, the barons, the clergy, and the Third Estate, then for the first time called upon to co-operate as a political factor in a public measure. The nation, thus represented, adhered to the king; nor was their allegiance shaken by the Papal Bull, "Unam Sanctam" (November 14, 1302), which excommunicated Philip, and declared the doctrine of the subordination of the worldly authority to the spiritual to be a dogma of faith. On the contrary, the estates of the realm boldly declared that the King of France recognized no superior to himself, save God; that his authority extended also over the clergy, and that the pretensions advanced by the Pope were rank heresy. Thus the French people were the first who, in league with their ruler, rebelled, and successfully maintained their rights against the spiritual tyranny. Without the support of his people, no prince could have hoped to cope with the Papal power; for even the greatest German emperors had to succumb to it. But after the nationality feeling, and the political consciousness, had once been fairly awakened in Europe, and the nations stood by their princes, Rome's hopes of universal empire were at an end.

Philip and the nation appealed also to a General Council of the Church, which induced the University of Paris to subject the Papal pretensions to an elaborate examination. On

this subject, sound views had always prevailed in France. Vincent de Beauvais had censured the conduct of Gregory VII in the affair with the Emperor Henry IV; and in the days of Philip the Handsome, the episcopal interest was defended by John of Paris. At the same time Philip used his sovereignty to the disadvantage of the rights of the Church, and his successors followed the example. For the privilege of financially despoiling the French Church, the Popes, who had gradually fallen under the influence of the kings at Avignon, granted them the right of filling the episcopal chairs. But even at that period, when the universal supremacy of the Popes had already been shaken, canonists like Augustin Trioufo and Alvaro Pelayo attempted to revive this dogma in its fullest extravagance. "A consistory," observes the former, "consists only of God and the Pope. Hence, there is no appeal from the Pope to God."

During the great schism, the revenues of the Popedom were divided among the anti-popes; and to enable them to support the splendor and the luxury of their respective establishments, and to reward their adherents, they were driven to invent constantly new pretenses to extort money. These exactions finally became so onerous that the French bishops appealed to the king, Charles VI, to vindicate their ancient liberties, who issued various edicts to remedy the evil. The Councils at Pisa, Constance, and Basel, which were held to heal the schism, and to effect a reformation in the head and members of the Church, resulted in a triumph of the French Church, and especially of the Sorbonne. Clemangis, d'Ailly, and Gerson, the spiritual heads of that institution, fought for the reformation, and at Constance the two latter edited the celebrated decretals which declared the subordination of the Popes to the General Synod. The Resolutions of Basel, also, were subscribed to by France, though with some modifications, and became the law of the country by the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges (1438). These resolutions provided for the assembling of decennial councils, at places designated by the Pope, to whose authority that of the Popes should be subordinate. They guaranteed the freedom of the Church elections, the investiture of the bishops, in accordance with the old canonical rules, without a Papal Bull, and the correction of a number of serious evils in general. The Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, for the first time, codified in a clear and distinct manner the rights of the French Church, and it was consequently an eye-sore at Rome. Pius II disputed its legality, on the ground that the

Decretals of Basel had never been recognized by the Papal Chair, whereupon Charles II appealed to a General Council of the Church. Political considerations inclined Louis XI to abandon the Pragmatic Sanction; but the University and Parliament protested so strongly against it that the king, finding the Pope indifferent to his political schemes, did not deem it worth while to insist on the obedience of Parliament. Charles VIII put an end to this equivocal state of affairs in the French Church, by not only permitting the Sanction to be observed, but by openly avowing himself its protector, in 1499 and 1502.

But in the year 1517, Francis I and Leo X concluded a concordat, by which they increased their own authority at the expense of the French Church. In return for the permission to resort once more to the old system of indiscriminate spoliation, the Pope conferred on the king the investiture of the bishops, reserving to himself only the formal confirmation. Leo was thus enabled to condemn, in the fifth Lateran Council, the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, and to revive, in its eleventh session, the Bull "Unam Sanctam" by the Bull "Pastor Æternus," as well as the doctrine of the Popedom's universal supremacy. The concordat excited the indignation of all classes in France. Parliament refused, for two years, to register and publish it. The University of Paris joined the opposition, and appealed to a future council. But the union of the temporal with the spiritual power proved too strong in the end, and Parliament was at last compelled to register the concordat, though it yielded only with the express proviso that this was done at the command of the king, which practically nullified the registration. The compromise between Francis I and Leo X was, however, destined to entail many disasters, not only on the French Church, but on the French State itself. The bishops became doubly dependents, first on the Court, then on Rome. The king was enabled to fill the episcopal chairs with his favorites. First, under the Valois, and later, especially under Louis XV, family and political considerations influenced the appointment of men entirely unfit to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, which greatly injured the standing of the Church. These individuals, caring nothing for the condition of the clergy who were placed under them, neglected their moral and intellectual wants. The result was, that the French Church deteriorated, and became powerless to contend against the so-called philosophical enlightenment and spreading revolutionary ideas of the eighteenth century. At the same time, Rome was again suffered to

maintain in France the doctrine that the Pope's sanction alone makes princes legitimate rulers; that the Pope has the right to depose and punish a heretical monarch, and to absolve his subjects from their allegiance to him. In the wars of the Holy League with Henry III and Henry IV, the Legists and the Jesuits carried this doctrine to its last consequences—that the assassination of an excommunicated ruler was permissible. Even the Sorbonne, under the pressure of the League, began, in some of her younger and more fanatical members, to incline toward this doctrine; and the murder of the two Henrys sufficiently shows that it did not remain a mere theoretical menace. When the Ultramontanes, therefore, reproach the French bishops with having practiced Court theology, they would, even if it were true, have been driven to it by the Papal Chair. And when, on the other hand, the Gallicans complain that the bishops have become Ultramontane since the concordat, they must attribute the blame to Francis I. In fact, king and Pope have in this respect equally sinned against the constitution of the ancient Church—a Church venerable for its apostolic traditions and the early ecclesiastical canons, which had been confirmed in general councils and respected in France during the first twelve centuries. From the date of this concordat the French bishops, who had formerly signed themselves "*episcopi gratia*," or "*misericordia dei*," commenced to substitute the words "*episcopi apostolicæ sedis gratia*."

The spirit of the ancient Church did not yet entirely deny itself at the Council of Trent. The Cardinal of Lorraine there openly avowed himself a disciple of the Sorbonne, demanded, in the name of the French episcopate, the restoration of the constitution of the ancient Church, affirmed the supremacy of the Ecumenical Council over the Pope, and declared that Frenchmen would rather perish than admit the contrary doctrine. Under Henry IV, who refused to recognize the Council of Trent, because it ignored the royal authority and the Gallican Liberties, Peter Pithou (1594) espoused the cause of the latter in a short but powerful treatise, which was subsequently sanctioned by law. The eighty-three articles contained in this treatise, may be reduced to two fundamental principles: first, that the Pope exercises no temporal authority in France; secondly, that the authority of the Pope is subordinate to the authority of the general councils of the Church. In full session of Parliament, the University of Paris pronounced itself solemnly in favor of this interpretation of the Gallican Liberties.

The French Legists also declared that "to submit to the Council of Trent was to create a State within the State, and to make the king a vassal of Rome." The Council of State and Parliament resisted, therefore, the doctrines enunciated by the Council of Trent, and it has never obtained in France any other recognition than in its dogmatic decretals.

During the minority of Louis XIII and the regency of his mother, Marie de Medici, propaganda was zealously made for Ultramontanism, and even half the Sorbonne was won over to that side. When the Dominicans taught, in 1611, the infallibility of the Pope and his supremacy over the councils of the Church at Paris, Richer, the Syndic of the University, attacked the latter thesis in a short treatise, "*De Ecclesiastica et Politica Potestate*," wherein he ably vindicated the ancient Gallican doctrine. A storm of persecution assailed Richer. The Cardinal Duperron, a portion of the members of the Sorbonne under Dr. Duval, and especially the Jesuits—who hated Richer, because he had persuaded Parliament to demand from them a declaration that they believed the doctrine of the sacredness of the royal person and authority, as well as the Gallican Liberties—combined their forces against him. Duperron prevailed on an assembly of bishops to condemn Richer's treatise; but this censure still contained a clause in favor of the Gallican Liberties, which greatly offended the Papal nuncio, and instead of which the Archbishop of Aix added the Bull "*In Cœna Domini*," wherein the supremacy of the Pope over princes and nations, in temporal affairs, was positively asserted. To the regent it was represented that, in rejecting the Papal infallibility, Richer had assailed the legality of her own marriage with Henry IV, and the legitimacy of her son; for if the Pope were not infallible, the divorce of Henry's first marriage by Clement VIII became doubtful. The Liberals withdrew intimidated, the Ultramontanes rejoiced, and Duperron was able to procure from the Council of State an order to cancel the Parliamentary prohibition of Bellarmin's book, "*De Potestate Summi Pontificis*," published in 1610, in which, instead of the Pope's absolute direct worldly power over princes and peoples, his indirect power was maintained. Bellarmin's doctrine of the indirect power arrives, in a circuitous way, at the same results, of the full subordination of princes and peoples to the Popedom, as the earlier theory of the direct power. The Pope, it argues, is the ruler of souls; and as bodies, and every thing else temporal, are simply the servants for the spiritual life, its power over the

latter equally insures a plenitude over the former. The views of Bellarmine were thenceforth adopted by the Jesuit order; but this failed to satisfy Sixtus V and his canonists, who put his book into the "Index." Alexander Carremis wrote a refutation of Bellarmine's doctrine, maintaining that the whole earth belonged to the Pope; that all it contained was his property, and, therefore, subject to his jurisdiction; and that all the princes were his servants and vassals.

At the General Assembly of the three estates of the realm, in the year 1614, the Third Estate rejected this doctrine, and defeated the strongly attempted indorsement of the Council of Trent. Duperron, at the head of the French clergy, protested against this step of the Third Estate. He argued that the Pope had the power to depose heretical princes and to absolve their subjects from their allegiance, if they offended Christ and tempted their people to apostasy. The Government interdicted the further agitation of these questions, in 1615; but Gregory XIII expressed himself highly pleased with the stand taken by the French clergy. When the Jesuit Santarelli's book soon afterward appeared at Rome (1625), "*De Potestate Summi Pontificis*," which revived the propositions, that the Pope also possessed temporal authority over rulers; that he might himself seize the reigns of government; that he could appoint curators over the rulers; that he could visit them with imprisonment and death for heresy, incapacity, etc., or depose them and bestow their crowns on others; for, as the Lord of lords, all power under the heavens was the Pope's,—Parliament called on the Jesuits to declare how they subscribed to the doctrines of Santarelli, and Richelieu found himself compelled, at the king's command, to make them sign a document repudiating these views. The Jesuits complied with very ill grace and secret reservation; but were none the less severely censured for their cowardice by Urban VIII, who was making every exertion to prevent the condemnation of Santarelli's work, which the Sorbonne had then under advisement. But on the 4th of April, 1626, the Sorbonne condemned the work, notwithstanding, in very severe terms, and in this the majority of the French theological faculties sustained the Sorbonne. The Pope now employed all conceivable means with the queen-mother, the king, and Richelieu, to secure a revocation of the sentence; and the latter, not desiring to break with Rome, actually managed to persuade a few members of the Sorbonne to publish a dissent, in which Bellarmine's doctrine of the Pope's indirect power

was conceded. Finally, Richelieu compelled Richer himself (1629), in the presence of two assassins, ready to avenge his refusal with instant death, to sign a disclaimer of his own book. It was by such expedients that Ultramontanism attained a temporary ascendancy in France. As late as the year 1636, the clergy protested against the concordat of 1517, and demanded the restoration of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges.

When Peter Dupuy (1639), supplied the historical proofs for Pithou's work—which had been put into the "Index" in 1625—the assembly of bishops at Paris rejected both works, and traced the Gallican Liberties back to their original privileges. In consequence of this proceeding, a royal edict ordered the suppression of these books, and a revised edition of the same was ultimately condemned, even by the lower clergy. Ultramontane doctrines ruled in France until 1660.

Louis XIV appeared, at first, to care little or nothing for the condition of the Church; but it soon engaged his attention all the more. In spite of the moral corruption of the age, the religious life thrived under him practically and theoretically, and became an object of profound interest to the Court, the nobility, and the more intellectual bourgeoisie. The institutions of Christian love and mercy, founded by Vincent de St. Paul, prospered in a very gratifying manner. The Port Royal schools, with St. Cyran, Arnauld, and Pascal at their head, effectively labored to arouse the moral consciousness of society, and revived the rigorism of the Augustinian period. Rance established the Trappist order, the most ascetic known. Hand in hand with these things went a vigorous activity in the domain of theological learning and Church history. The Benedictines of St. Maur and the Oratorians produced works of enduring merit. Never had the higher clergy been able to boast of so many distinguished members; for Louis had the tact to elevate men of the profoundest piety and learning to the first places in the Church. Conspicuously among this galaxy shone Bossuet and Fénelon. In this way he succeeded in inspiring the higher clergy with admiration for himself, and to influence them spiritually to an extent which was noticed with no small jealousy at Rome. This jealousy soon changed to serious alarm when the king began to dispose in an arbitrary manner of the Church property for temporal purposes, to assign even bishoprics on political grounds, and to restrict the money remittances to the Pope. Even in matters purely ecclesiastical, the Papal authority became gradually more and more nominal in France; and it

was not until toward the close of his life that Louis made himself an unconditional instrument of Rome by the compulsory introduction of the Bull "Unigenitus." But if Louis was no friend to the Popedom, he was still less a friend to Gallicanism, in so far as it concerned the rights of the Church toward the State, because he considered it a restraint on his own absolutism. At the same time he liked that part of the Gallican doctrine which clashed with pretensions of Papal supremacy. Nevertheless, when the Sorbonne had once more solemnly reasserted the liberties of the ancient Church (1663), and when Parliament had registered the decision, the king sanctioned the doctrine by an express cabinet order.

On the tenth day of February, 1673, Louis issued an edict in which he asserted the right to dispose of every vacancy which might accrue in the episcopate. The Papal Chair had already conceded this privilege to the king over a part of the dioceses, but by no means over the whole of them, and the consequence was that the Bishops of Aleth and Panniers at once protested against the royal usurpation. As this did not avail them, they appealed to Rome. Innocent XI complained at the king's edict as a violation of his rights; but Louis took no further notice of it than to assure himself of the support of the French clergy. This question remained unsettled until the death of the Bishop of Panniers, when it entered upon a new phase. The Cathedral Chapter resisted the execution of the royal decree, upon which the Archbishop of Toulouse excommunicated it, and was himself excommunicated by the Pope. The attitude observed by the Jesuits during this struggle is worthy of notice. As the disciples of Loyola hoped to see all vacancies filled in an anti-Jansenistic sense, they espoused the royal side against Innocent XI, who had shown himself favorably disposed to Port Royal.

Louis XIV now convened an extraordinary assembly of the French clergy, which met at Paris on the 30th of October, 1681, and consisted of thirty-five bishops and thirty-five parish priests. It is no doubt true that this body was inspired with very submissive ideas toward the king; but there dwelt by the side of their loyalty to him and Gallican principles a profound reverence for the Papal Chair. Bossuet, in his opening address, expressed a hope that the traditions of the Gallican Church would be found perfectly compatible with the general solidarity of the Church. He further declared that the French throne was a divine institution, and, therefore, destined jointly to uphold, with

the Papal Chair, the order and rules of Catholic society.

The Assembly approved of the royal claim over all the episcopates within the realm. To prevent all further controversies on this point, Louis then asked from it a declaration defining the rights which the Pope was entitled to exercise in France. Thereupon Bossuet prepared the famous four articles adopted in the session of the 19th of March, 1682, which are as follows:

1. The power of the Pope and the Church only extends to spiritual concerns, and does not include temporal affairs.

2. The decretals of the Council of Constance and the General Councils of the Church remain in full force and effect; that is, that the General Council is superior to the Pope.

3. The exercise of the apostolic authority must be in accordance with the political institutions of France and the fundamental laws of her Church.

4. The decretals of the Pope in matters of faith apply to all the Churches. His judgments are, however, not irrevocable; that is, the Pope, in his own person, is not infallible.

Bossuet conceded to the Papal Chair indefectibility; that is, that it could not become permanently heretical. In relation to the doctrine of the Pope's indirect authority, he, however, declared that it might lead even to justify regicide, and marveled how any such monstrosity could have been conceived.

Louis dissolved the Assembly immediately after it had served his purpose. The four articles were sent to the theological faculties of France, with orders to register them; the clergy was requested to subscribe to their principles—measures which led to a series of protestations, reservations, and demands for fuller elucidation of the meaning of the articles. But the king insisted sternly on obedience, and proceeded to punish the recusants. Innocent XI protested against the extension of the royal prerogative, and still more vehemently against the Declaration and the means by which it had been procured. He commanded the four articles to be burned by the public executioner, and refused confirmation to the bishops who had signed them. The last act of the dying Alexander VIII was to issue the Bull "Inter Multiplices" (1690), in which the Declaration is condemned *en bloc*, and with it the article which denies the direct, as well as the indirect, authority of the Pope in worldly matters. Bossuet intermediated between Louis and Rome. The king ostensibly retracted, and permitted, in 1692, the bishops to forward to the Pope an

address to the effect that the offensive articles were not to be regarded binding resolutions, but a mere expression of opinion.

During all this period the Ultramontanes were by no means idle outside of France, but continued stoutly to battle for their pet theories. In 1684, Pater Clenaerts defended the extreme theses of the Papal authority over princes and peoples, and interpreted the doctrine of the indirect power in the sense of universal dominion. Substantially the same views were advocated by the Augustine Desiraul, who was rewarded for his zeal by Clement XI. In 1691, Rocaberti contested the Declaration of 1682, and tried to prove, from the writings of all Catholic authors, that the Pope possessed authority over kings and temporal governments. He considered it entirely immaterial whether this authority was direct or indirect. As for himself, he believed it to be direct. "The Pope," says he, "has the same power over the universe which a king has over his own country." Rome always regarded these doctrines with approbation; and, as late as the year 1824, the Roman advocate Fea was permitted by the Papal censorship to maintain them in a small treatise.

But in France the opposition to Ultramontanism sprang up with renewed vigor in theological literature, and the study of Church history supplied the critical weapons for it. Even the Jesuit Maimbourg defended the Declaration of 1682. The Benedictines of St. Maur, like the Oratorians, distinguished themselves in their writings as much by objectivity as liberality; and the Church historians, Launoï, Natalis, Alexander, and Fleury, were avowed Gallicans. All this shows sufficiently that Gallicanism was not the mere artificial product alleged, but the deliberate fruit of critical study and sincere conviction. But the compulsory introduction and enforcement of the Bull "Unigenitus," in which Jansenism was condemned, undermined already, in the days of Louis XIV, the foundations of the Gallican Church. Yet the French clergy has always firmly stood by the article of the Declaration of 1682 which was directed against the Pope's claims to temporal supremacy; for, in reply to the reproach of the Jansenists, that they had conceded it by accepting the Bull "Unigenitus," the clergy stated, in 1750: "The royal authority is independent and responsible to God alone. Loyalty to the king is a sacred duty. This is the doctrine bequeathed to us by our fathers, which we will bequeath again to our children."

In the eighteenth century, the influence of Gallicanism extended far beyond the frontiers of France. Van Espen maintained the inde-

pendence of the temporal power and the ancient episcopal system in the Netherlands; and his disciple, Hontheim-Febronius, taught the same doctrine in Germany. At the Congress of Ems, in 1780, the spiritual princes of Germany tried to make the German Church independent of Rome in the episcopal sense; and at the Synod of Pistoja, the Declaration of 1682 was reaffirmed, though the Bull "Auctorem Fidei," of 1794, once more condemned the Declaration. The attempts for a change in the constitution of the Church were, however, defeated: first, by the differences between the German bishops, and a want of support on the part of the Emperor Joseph II; secondly, by the Revolution, which destroyed the spiritual principalities in Germany and the entire Catholic Church in France. From the havoc which the Revolution committed in religious and Church affairs in France and elsewhere, Ultramontanism emerged with renewed strength. The concordat which Napoleon I, who did not desire a separation of Church and State, concluded with Pius VII, had the effect of rendering the French Church more dependent on Rome than she had ever been before. The ancient episcopates were suppressed, new dioceses created; the bishops had to resign and accept new canonical instructions from the Papal Chair. The Pope and the emperor remodeled the French Church, divided her rights between themselves; though the lion's share, especially after the fall of the Empire, fell ultimately to the former. The lower clergy, the parish priests at their head, who had also been obliged to resign their charges, became the servants of the bishops; the right of their investiture was repealed, and they became liable to be dismissed at the bishops' pleasure. All the chapters, abbeys, foundations, etc., were abolished, and their privileges annulled; the property of the Church was given to the State, which undertook to pay the clergy. The clergy had to take the oath of fidelity and obedience to the monarch. Whatever rights the Kings of France had formerly exercised in the Church, were granted to Napoleon. The old theological schools, the Sorbonne, and other faculties, were not restored, and theology was left to drag out a miserable existence in the seminaries. Napoleon, it is well known, added the organic articles to the concordat; but Rome could never be brought to recognize them. In these articles he sought to save what still remained to be saved of the Gallican Liberties; but they have not served to restore to the French Church her legal rights. The Placet, the authorization of Church assemblies, and the confirmation of their decretals by the State; the right to appeal

from the spiritual power to the laws of the country, etc., were embraced in them. In 1810, the Declaration of 1682 was once more sanctioned, and made a general law of the Empire. But this measure failed to exorcise the spirit of Ultramontanist. The practical effect of the concordat was the double slavery of the French Church, which became dependent, both on Rome and the State. Only isolated voices, like those of La Luzerne and Frayssinnous, were raised for her ancient liberties; while Lamennais, who taught the doctrine that the Divine reason was incarnated in the Pope, assailed them, as well as the Declaration of 1682. The disillusion in relation to the union of the Divine and infallible reason in the person of the Pope has, it is true, led him since entirely to abandon the Catholic Church; but during the earlier stages of his Ultramontanist he founded a school in France, which grew to be exceedingly influential. De Maistre treated Gallicanism like Lamennais. In his eyes, Bossuet himself was half a Protestant, and the Gallican Church schismatic.

The evident disposition at Rome to enforce the direct supremacy of the Papedom within the pale of the Church has recalled once more, in recent times, the memory of the traditions of the early Christian Church in France; and with them, new defenders of the old episcopal system have taken the field. In the year 1864, the unfortunate Archbishop Darboy, whom the Communists have lately murdered in cold blood at Paris, declared that the Pope's interference with the government of the dioceses, unless in extreme cases, was a violation of the constitutional rights of the bishops. Before the meeting of the last Ecumenical Council, which decreed the Papal infallibility, Maret, Bishop of Sura, controverted, in his work "On the Council and the Religious Peace," the oldest and newest pretensions of Rome, by citations from Holy Writ, the traditions and history of the Church, and proved thus his moderate Gallicanism. The same stand-point was occupied by Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, in his Pastoral Letter to the clergy "On the Infallibility Question."

EVERY look, tone, gesture of a man is a symbol of his complete nature. If we apply the microscope severely enough, we can discern the fine organization by which the soul sends itself out in every act of the being. And the more perfectly developed the creature, the more significant and yet the more mysterious is every habit, and every motion, mightier than habit, of body or soul.—*Winthrop*.

A BIRD-NESTING EXPEDITION IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

A DAY'S journey to the west of Algiers there remained, until within the last ten years, a resort of many water-fowl, and of those rare birds whose extinction or extreme rarity at the present day is to be attributed to the advance of colonial civilization, more favorable to human life than to the existence of the objects of zoölogical interest. To invade this retreat of the heron, the ibis, the grebe, etc., I undertook a four-days' expedition from Algiers, one morning in May, 18—.

A few hours' drive in the diligence from Algiers brought me to the little Arab town of Koleah, situated on the southern edge of the Sahel line of hills. Having made an early start in the morning, I had abundance of time to procure supplies for the proposed excursion to the interior, and to secure from a Moorish horse-dealer the best animal he had on hand, which proved, however, by far less spirited than docile. A pair of panniers of grass matting, filled with provisions and wine for three or four days, composed my outfit, and I prepared to start in search of the Lake Halloula by winding horse-paths, a pocket-compass being my only guide through the region which is now traversed by the high road opened out, of late years, by convict labor between Koleah and Cherchell.

The lake was at a distance of about thirty miles; and after tossing restlessly through the early hours of a stifling sirocco night, I rose at three A. M., saddled my reluctant horse, charged the panniers, and, wrapped in my burnoose for protection from the suffocating wind, I passed the gate of Koleah before four A. M. The air of the still, sultry night, laden with the impalpable sand of the desert, felt like the blast from a baker's oven, and promised ill for comfort in the dense underwood of the forest. The sun had not yet risen as I passed the tall, solitary palm on the brow of the Sahel, which marks the old frontiers of Abd-el-Kader's line after his first treaty with the French, by which all the territory to the west of a line drawn from Blidah to the palm-tree of Koleah was conceded to the desert chieftain. Strangely has Algeria changed, when, in a few years from that epoch, a solitary naturalist can in security prepare for a three-days' lonely bivouac in the frontier forest.

A well-marked track led me into the forest, not before I had had sufficient daylight to enjoy the vast panorama of the plain of the Metijah stretched beneath, with the dark-green orange-

groves of Blidah framing the white city in the distance, and the jagged line of the Atlas beyond, with a patch of thick mist overhanging a fissure in the mountain line—the famous gorge of the Chiffa. A hyena struck across my path as I entered the thickets; and soon after, a pretty little ichneumon kept running on, almost fearlessly, before me. Sitting across my pack-saddle, I had just missed a snap-shot at a rabbit, when a strange scream from a matted lentisk-bush arrested me—"Tschâgra, tschâgra, chugra, chrug," most inharmoniously repeated. I dismounted, approached, but could not see the

hidden vocalist, though I struck the bush several times. At length a stone dislodged him, and I brought him down before he could reach the next clump. It was a fine male specimen of *Telephonus cucullatus*, or tschagra, aptly so named, and was the first I had ever seen. He is a beautiful bird in flight, his rich chestnut wings prettily contrasting with his long, expanded, fan-like tail of jet-black, with a broad white bar at its extremity. In his habits he differs much from other shrikes, never showing himself, as they do, on the extremity of a branch, or in an exposed tree, but always con-



THE ROLLER (*Coracias garrula*).

cealed in the thickest recesses. "Heard, not seen," is his motto. I looked in vain for the nest, which was, probably, in the neighborhood, as I saw another bird gliding through an adjoining thicket.

A few days afterward, on my return, I obtained a nest, the only one I ever took, placed in the center of an arbutus-bush, large, and coarsely constructed of twigs, with a thick lining of wool and hair, and containing four eggs. These were slightly larger than those of the great gray shrike, of a white ground, very thickly covered over the whole surface with brown spots and a few russet-red blotches,

somewhat intermediate in character between those of the shrike and the lark. But for the closeness of the spots and their reddish hue, they might easily pass for the eggs of *Certhianda desertorum* in my collection. The hooded shrike is not a desert bird, but is only a Summer visitant to the *tell*, retiring, however, very late, as I have met with birds of the year at the end of October. It seems strictly confined to the forest districts.

The path now diverged somewhat southward toward the plain, and I was astonished, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find myself approaching a clearing, more like a Canadian

back-settlement than an Algerian *propriété*. A man in a blue blouse emerged from a side path in front of me, carrying two pails of water. I rode up to him, and inquired in French if I were in the right road for Halloula. The man turned round, and, with a vacant stare from a rosy Saxon face, ejaculated, "Eh?" Startled as by an apparition—a very solid one—I exclaimed, "Why, you are an Englishman!" "Ees, I bees from Staffordshire," was the reply; and, entering into conversation with him, I was astonished to find that I had reached an English farm, probably the only one in North Africa, the proprietor of which had, a few months previously, brought out two families of agricultural laborers, besides a young man who lodged with my companion. They had none of them been farther than the market of Koleah since their arrival, nor had they made any French acquaintances, having no neighbors except some Arab workmen, who slept in out-houses or tents. Willingly accepting the invitation to have a talk with the "missus," I followed him to the cottage, and found two families of bright English children, for whose sake the mothers sadly lamented the want of the schools of home. An infant lately born gave me the opportunity of telling them that I was a clergyman; of which fact, from my Arab guise, they seemed at first incredulous, but gladly accepted my offer to baptize it. After holding a short service with the two families, who now, like many others, valued the religious privileges they had slighted at home, and having heard the children read the Testaments with which they had been provided before leaving England, I was preparing to depart, glad that I was able to leave as a souvenir of my visit a prayer-book and a few tracts, when the women hospitably begged me to take breakfast as my fee.

The men went off to the fields, and the matrons seemed in much alarm for their safety, as a few days before, on the women going in the early morning for water, they had met two leopards in the path, since which neither they nor the children had ventured to leave the premises. I had some difficulty in making them believe that for a leopard to attack, unprovoked, a human being was, in those countries at least, unheard of; and they themselves confessed that the leopards ran away as fast as they did. But as the morning was passing, and I had no wish to encounter the leopards, with which the forest is well stocked, alone by night, I started again, with a promise to revisit my countryfolk, and hold another service with them.

Turning back into the forest, I had only to

pursue my course by any path that lay due west, and I should reach the open hills before night-fall. Again and again the ichneumon (*Genetta Afra*) crossed in front of me; and wherever the trees were sparse, the woodchat and the southern shrike (*Lanius Algeriensis*) might be seen, of both of which I obtained several nests. A pair of kites, by their restless movements, betrayed their alarm; but finding the thicket round a great cork-tree impenetrable, I was compelled to note the spot for a future search, when I should be provided with a hatchet. Occasionally the roller (*Tschugrug*) would rise screaming from a chestnut-tree, and, after making grotesque gyrations in the air, drop headlong into the forest, out of sight and shot. I had, however, the satisfaction of obtaining my first *geai d'Afrique*, as the colonists term the roller (*Coracias garrula*). The Algerian chaffinch and titmouse were frequent (*Fringilla spodiogena* and *Parus caeruleus*); and I heard, but could not see, the woodpecker and the jay (*Garrulus cervicalis*); but, as in most forests, winged life was not abundant, except at the outskirts.

In a lovely glade I dismounted for dinner, under a thick ivy-clad oak (*Quercus ballota*), and hobbled and fed my nag. While lying there, I obtained two or three ring-doves (*Columba palumbus*), which Buvry has distinguished, under the name of *Columba excelsior*, from the European bird, though I confess myself wholly unable to detect the differences. Many turtle-doves of our common species were to be seen in every open; and I found a nightingale's nest at the stump of a decayed tree, and two nests of the Algerian green-finch (*Chlorospiza aurantiventris*, Cab.) Having packed my treasures, I remounted, and, riding on at a quick pace, reached the termination of the forest some two hours before sunset, and had the satisfaction of seeing the tall marsh of reeds which environed Lake Halloula about three miles before me, and about a mile to my right, on the slope, the white tents of a party of convict soldiers, who, under charge of a Zouave guard, were engaged in cutting a trench from the lake to drain it into the sea, by taking it to a stream at the base of Mount Chenoua.

I met with a civil reception from the sergeant commanding the party, to whom I explained my errand, judiciously using the name of General Yusuf, with whom I was acquainted, and received the agreeable intimation that I might share his tent for the night. Being further conciliated by a handful of cigars and a half-bottle of brandy, he offered to send a couple of convicts with me to look for birds in the thickets

near the lake. On inquiry, I found among the Zouaves a young man who had formerly worked for MM. Verreaux, at Paris. We fraternized at once, and sat down together on the ground to skin the specimens I had procured during the day. He raised my expectations to the highest pitch by telling me, what I had not anticipated, that, besides the water-fowl in quest of which I had come, there was not a richer field in the world for warblers than the low brush-wood and tamarisk-thickets at the head of the lake.

It was now dark, and having subscribed a portion of my provisions to the common stock, I supped with the sergeant and corporals, and obtained a holiday for my Zouave friend, that he might accompany me in the morning. Before turning in, I spread in the camp among the convicts an announcement that for all nests brought me, with the bird snared and alive, within the next three days, I should pay at the rate of one sou an egg.

Before dawn my new acquaintance was by my side in fatigue dress, and after a hasty cup of coffee and a glass of quinine—a very necessary precaution—we are in the tamarisk-grove. A little bird, something like a hen redstart in appearance, glides through the bushes. "What is that?" "*Becfin passerinette*." At length my companion brings him down. It is a prize indeed—the first *Sylvia subalpina* I have seen, and well shot. Soon we come on a little flock of them, restlessly hopping from twig to twig; but no nests are yet to be found. They have evidently not yet begun to breed. We hear the reeling of Savi's warbler, *Sylvia luscinoides*, again and again; but that part of the marsh is too deep for us to explore without poles. The thrush nightingale, *Sylvia turdoides*, keeps up an incessant din on all sides; and I miss a bittern as it rises, quietly as an owl, almost from our feet. We turn back to the drier part of the thicket, and one, two, three nests of *Hippolais salicaria*, with their full complement of eggs, reward us in quick succession. Very different is the position and texture of its nest from that of our willow-wrens. It is extremely compact and neat, not unlike that of the goldfinch in general appearance, and not larger, placed generally on the bare fork or branch of a tamarisk, without the slightest attempt at concealment. The complement of eggs rarely exceeds four. As I pass a tall tuft of grass, I bend its top, and disclose the nest of *Sylvia melanocephala*, the commonest, but not the least beautiful, of the warblers of Northern Algeria, where it is a constant resident. It builds sometimes in hedges or bushes, but more frequently in tall

grass or herbage. The nest is loose, but very neat and round, and comfortably lined with hair and wool. The eggs bear some resemblance to those of the robin, but are smaller, and always more distinctly and brightly spotted, and some approach closely those of the grasshopper warbler.

But let us search carefully this coarse grass and tamarisk bed; for here, says my informant, we shall find *Sylvia Cetti*. I had, the week before, obtained a nest near Algiers, but had had no opportunity of observing the habits of the bird. I am again disappointed; the bird has just begun to sit, but has crept away on the first alarm; and though we watch some time in the neighborhood, she does not return. I take the nest, with its precious contents of four brilliant red eggs, so strangely different from those of every other warbler. In color they are unique among European eggs, and show no affinity with any allied species. They form a singular exception to the rule that a connection may be traced between the eggs of all the different species. There is one constant type for all the other aquatic warblers. The *Saxicola*, *Turdina*, *Motacilla*, *Alaudina*, *Tyrannidae*, and others, however widely the extremes may vary, still bear some resemblance to the normal type. Not so with *Sylvia Cetti*. Its affinity seems rather to be with *Prinia sonitans*, and may indicate a closer alliance with that genus than has hitherto been admitted. The nest is very loose in its construction, placed in rushes or coarse herbage; its depth more than double its diameter, composed entirely of coarse grass outside and finer stems within, but with no lining of hair or feathers. I afterward frequently saw the bird, but only for an instant at a time, as it invariably dips among the rushes, and will not take flight when disturbed. I never succeeded in noting its song, though in Palestine I was more fortunate in hearing its brilliant burst of five notes often repeated.

Turning back toward the trees, I am attracted by the song of a bird quite new to me, and, on searching, observe overhead a little somber-clad warbler, which I shoot, and discover to be another species I have not met with—*Sylvia pallida*. It is very closely allied to *Hippolais salicaria*, but has no tinge of yellow on its plumage. The nest, larger than its congener, and of rather different construction, I first found on this occasion, and have since frequently taken in Algeria; while the eggs are of a delicate pale mauve color, spotted and streaked with dark russet. They are always larger than those of *Hippolais salicaria*. It builds on trees, about six feet from the ground, preferring,

as far as I have observed, the smooth branches of the olive or the tamarisk, and is very easily discovered. My curiosity was excited by my companion's information that the pallid warbler was much larger and of a darker color on the hill-sides than in the marshes. And, anxious to investigate the truth of his story, we left the plain at once for the wood—chiefly wild olives—which skirts the forest of Koleah. Here we found the serin finch already sitting; its nest very like that of the goldfinch, but scarcely so deep, smaller, and more warmly lined. There are few songsters to be compared for clearness of note to the serin, which, in Algeria, is often tamed, and breeds freely in confinement. It is, I believe, a migrant here. While searching in the open wood, I was startled by a long-tailed blue bird, which I felt certain at once must be the blue magpie (*Pica Cooki*). Not having heard of it as an inhabitant of Algeria, I went eagerly in pursuit, and again and again caught sight, but never within shot. It was wild and wary, but took no long flights. I do not feel the slightest doubt as to its being the blue magpie of Spain, probably only a straggler. The chase had led me some three miles up the hills, when I lost all trace of the bird, and was fain to find my way back to camp, as I had left my companion below. However, on the way I shot *Sylvia olivetorum*, and thus solved the mystery of the large pallid warbler. There were several birds, and I afterward obtained a nest. The eggs are usually like those of *Sylvia pallida* or *elaica* in color, but larger, and the nest is much inferior in neatness. A month afterward, I took a nest of this bird placed near the ground in brush-wood. It appeared to select a lower site for nidification than its congeners.

On reaching the tent, I found several nests of eggs awaiting my arrival, but none of much interest, except a second of Cetti's warbler, with the hen-bird caught by the foot in a horse-hair noose. Humanity compelled me, somewhat reluctantly, to release her, after robbing her.

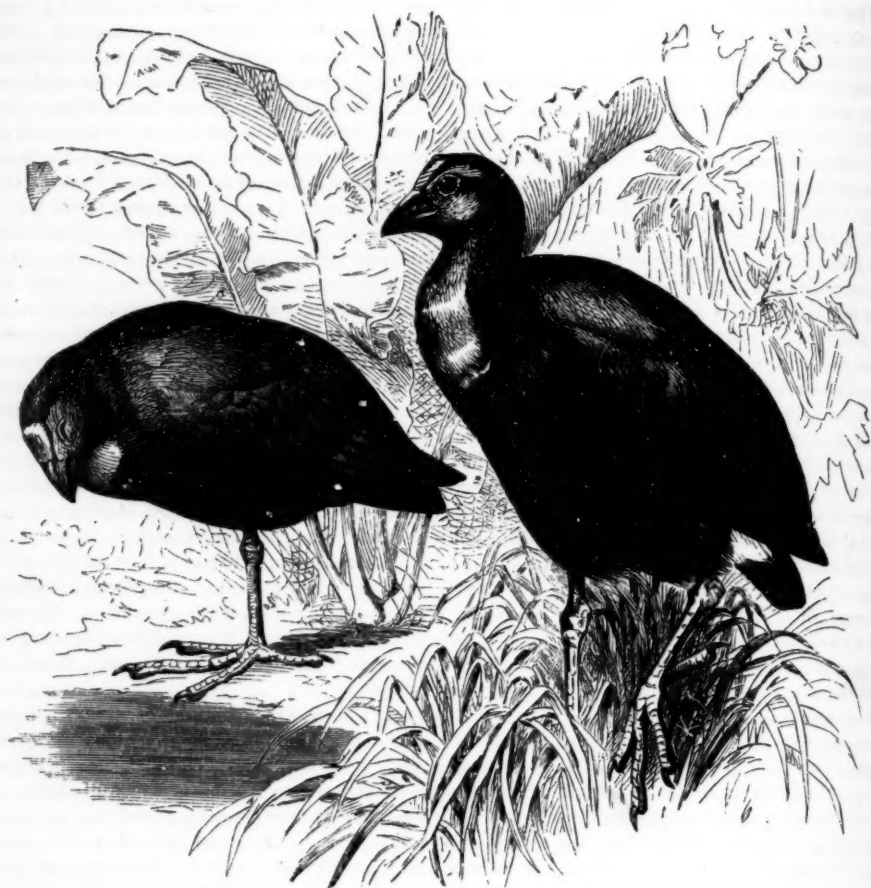
The next day I arranged to devote to the wonders of the lake itself, well satisfied with my first foray among the warblers of Halloula, which had added a new bird to the Algerian catalogue, and two new birds and three additional sorts of eggs to my collection.

Soon after day-break, we started on the lake in a decayed punt, the buoyancy of which we insured by filling it with tightly fastened bundles of reeds, so that, if water-logged—as it very soon was—it could not sink. A long pole was all we required for propulsion among the mud

and reeds, as the open water evidently contained nothing to repay our researches. Numerous flocks, indeed, of the Mediterranean and black-headed gulls (*Larus melanocephalus* and *Larus ridibundus*) were screaming overhead; but these had not yet begun to breed, if, indeed, the scarce *Larus melanocephalus* ever does breed in Algeria, of which I never obtained any actual proof; and hundreds of lovely terns were hovering about, or dipping headlong into the dark, still water. These, likewise, were deferring all attention to domestic duties till next month. I shot several, and found most of them to be the whiskered tern (*Sterna hybrida*); but mingled with them were many of the black and lesser terns (*Sterna nigra* and *Sterna minuta*). The whiskered tern is easily distinguished by its note, which is less shrill and more rapidly repeated than that of *Sterna nigra*; but in general appearance it very closely resembles the arctic tern, so familiar on our own Northumbrian coasts, with its lake-red bill and feet, its black head, and generally sooty plumage. I looked in vain for *Sterna leucoptera* and *Sterna Anglica*, the former of which is said to be found here; but of the occurrence of which at Halloula I never obtained authentic evidence.

But the principal features of the open water were the myriads of crested coots (*Fulica cristata*), widgeons, and pochards. The widgeon never remains to breed, but flocks of them still lingered; while a month later not one was to be seen. The crested coot appears in no way to differ in its habits from its well-known congener, though its red, naked forehead, with the two conspicuous lobes, suffice to distinguish it at a glance. It is somewhat the larger of the two species, and the eggs run invariably from a quarter to half an inch longer than those of the common coot. Pushing among the reeds, we soon found two or three of their nests, some placed among the stumps of old reed-clumps, others in little openings on artificial mounds. I never found the common coot here; and though it certainly occurs on the lake in Winter, in company with its congener, I believe that each species confines itself to its own nesting-places. Thus, in the lakes I visited in Eastern Algeria the following Summer, while *Fulica atra* abounded, *Fulica cristata* never came under our observation.

As, in our boat, we pushed and struggled through the reeds, occasionally the nest of *Sylvia turdoides* was exposed, from two to six feet overhead, loosely built, and abundantly lined with feathers, but deep and strong, and elegantly interlaced between four or five tall reed-

THE GREAT PURPLE GALLINULE (*Porphyrio hyacinthinus*).

stems. Its principles of construction are exactly like those of the reed-warbler of England; but in finish of workmanship or architectural skill, it falls far short of its cousin.

I searched in vain for the nest of Savi's warbler (*Sylvia luscinoides*), whose singular cadence could every-where be heard. I was, however, rewarded by the discovery of a very pretty nest of *Sylvia aquatica*, with four fresh eggs. As I obtained the bird, the identification of this, the first nest of the species I had discovered, was complete. At the time, I imagined it a very rare bird in Algeria, and so it is considered by the French naturalists; but I have since found it in small numbers in all suitable localities. Its shy habits, short and weak song, and its almost inaccessible resorts, necessarily remove it from notice. The nest is neat, but not suspended, like that of our reed-warbler (*Sylvia arundinacea*). It is entwined with four or five reeds generally, but not always, resting on a

tuft, and about two or three feet from the surface of the swamp. The eggs are, for the most part, marked with smaller blotches than those of the reed-warbler, but not run together in the coloration, like those of the sedge-warbler. As it glides through the rushes, the black and yellow streaks on its head distinguish it at once from its congeners.

The water-rail and moor-hen breed here abundantly; and we were rewarded by a single nest of the great purple gallinule (*Porphyrio hyacinthinus*). A magnificent fellow he is, as he rises sluggishly from a dense mass of water-weed, showing his rich purple sheen in the sunlight, and hanging behind him his huge red legs and feet. His nest is very like that of the coot, but the number of the eggs seems fewer—three or four.

Every here and there we came upon a nest of the little grebe (*Podiceps minor*), and occasionally upon that of the great crested grebe

(*Podiceps cristatus*); but it was rather late for both these species, which build before the end of April, and already several broods had been hatched. Still fifty eggs of one and about a dozen of the other was not a bad morning's take. At length, in a little secluded opening, entirely surrounded by tall reeds, through which we had the greatest difficulty in forcing the punt, we came upon a colony of eared grebes (*Podiceps auritus*), the chief object of my search. There appears to be this singular difference between the eared and the crested or lesser grebes,—that while the two latter, though abundant throughout the lake, are not strictly gregarious, the former builds in societies more densely crowded than any rookery. It is also later in its nidification; for, of nearly fifty nests which I examined, not one was incubated, though most of them contained their full allowance of four or five eggs. The nests, formed like those of other grebes, were raised on artificial islets, frequently almost touching each other, and sometimes piled on stout foundations rising from more than a yard under water. The eggs are a trifle smaller than those of *Podiceps sclavonicus*, which appear to do duty for them in many collections. We shot several of the birds, which, of course, were in very fine plumage; but we were not a little puzzled by the sudden disappearance of several which had fallen dead within twenty yards of us. At length, on pushing out in our punt into the open water, I detected the water-tortoises carrying off at great speed our wounded and dead birds; and, following the streaks of blood through the water, at length seized one struggling with his captor, who maintained so tenacious a grasp that I hauled him on board along with the bird, and took care to secure him, too, for my collection. With this proof of the carnivorous propensities of the water-tortoise, I am inclined to believe that the havoc in the nests of the coots and ducks may often be attributed to this plunderer. Nor are the water-tortoise and the purple gallinule the only egg-eaters against whom these poor birds have to combat, in the struggle for perpetuating their species. A water-snake frequently takes up his abode in a coot's nest, and boldly drives off the rightful proprietor. An empty nest seems to be his favorite dwelling-place; and if a coot's or water-hen's nest be not tenanted by its owner, it usually supplies free quarters to a water-snake.

None of the ducks had yet begun to breed, and we searched in vain on the further or southern edge of the lake for the nests of the various herons which were congregated in vast flocks

in the neighborhood, feeding through the day, like rooks, in the plains, and returning to the reeds to roost. I remained till near sunset, and watched them as they returned; first the graceful little squacco, the white clouds of buff-back and night herons, with here and there a straggling purple ibis, like a black sheep in a flock, mingled with them; but we were evidently too early for their nests. Laden with booty, we returned through the stifling reeds, as soon as we had seen the herons safe to roost. But think not such a day's nesting a "rose without a thorn." The suffocating heat of the reed-bed, the intolerable stench emitted by the slightest disturbance of the slime and oozy matter on which we floated, and, above all, the voracity of the mosquitoes, penetrating ankles, wrists, face, and neck, impelled one to rush off half-blinded. Such is the penalty for intruding on the sacred preserves of Halloula—not much less severe than the sufferings of an adventurer in the tropical forests of America.

Too wearied to attempt either to skin or to blow eggs that evening, I flung myself down, with a towel, steeped in *vin ordinaire*, over my swollen face, without even investigating the discoveries of the *boulets*. The next morning was devoted to making up the arrears of the last night's work, and looking over the captures of my scouts, which consisted chiefly of *Sylvia hippolais*, two *Sylvia pallida*, and one of *Sylvia Cetti*. They, however, brought me news of a nest of *Aquila chrysaetos* in Mount Chenoua, and of a digging of *Merops apiaster* in a bank hard by. From the upper part of Koleah forest a stream descends, and feeds the lakes; its banks are steep during the latter part of its course, and on working our way through the brush-wood to the edge, we saw the lively bee-eaters skimming like swallows up and down the stream, or plunging into the holes they had burrowed. Unlike the king-fisher, the bee-eater does not show the brilliancy of his plumage when on the wing; it is only when perching, as it often does, on a bough overhanging the bank, that its bright and varied livery becomes conspicuous. After examining several holes, and finding but one containing a single egg, while the greater part of the excavations were as yet incomplete, I resolved to inspect the eagle's nest; so, after a long tramp across the Sahel, and much parleying with the natives—for I had got out of the lines of the soldiery—I was taken to the cliff, where, truly enough, the Zouave had, in his previous Sunday ramble, detected a nest of *agab*, which now, as I could plainly see by my glass, contained two downy young.

On my return in the evening, I was delighted

to find two nests of the exquisite little fan-tail warbler (*Cisticola schanicolus*), brought in by some soldiers who had been cutting forage in the neighborhood. That lively and attractive songster, scarcely as large as our gold-crested wren, is by no means uncommon in the moist meadows of Northern Algeria; but it is only by chance that its nest can be discovered, except by the mowers. The "pink-pink," as the natives call it from its note, constructs its dwelling about a foot from the ground, by entwining the living stems of grass with very fine cotton and spider's webs. These, with the down of seeds, form the foundation; and, as the nest is long in construction, the hen-bird begins to lay, and even to sit, while her mate occupies his leisure in weaving higher and higher the walls of their little dwelling. I had the good fortune once to discover a nest just commenced, at the edge of a meadow near Algiers, which I was in the habit of passing almost daily; and thus, for more than a month, I had a good opportunity of watching the fan-tail's habits at my leisure. When the first egg was laid, the foundation of the nest was almost transparent, and its flimsy sides not above an inch in height. I occasionally took an egg, leaving the dam to sit on five of the eight which she had laid; and during the whole period of incubation, the male continued to enlarge and strengthen the nest, till, by the time the young were hatched, it was almost three inches in height, and of a tolerably compact structure. When completed, it is sometimes, but not always, half-domed at the top. The eggs, which are very little larger than those of the long-tailed titmouse, are of a delicate, pale green, or greenish white, sprinkled with a few russet spots. The bird, which is extremely wary, hovers over the fields with a jerking flight, waving and expanding his tail, and then suddenly drops like a lark, but always at a distance from the nest, which it leaves in the most cautious manner, dropping from it into the long grass, and running concealed for some time before it takes wing. From the two nests now brought me, I secured only three eggs, as the whole contents of one, the most complete, had been lost in the grass when struck by the scythe.

The next morning, having stored my treasures, and left instructions for the safe custody of my discoveries until my return the following month, I started with well though lightly filled panniers, and, after a halt at my secluded fellow-countrymen's cottages in the wilderness, returned in health, without any symptoms of the fever which was so dreaded by visitors to the lake.

On the 10th of June, I returned to Halloula

by the same route, to investigate the habits of the herons and the ducks. This time, as the soldiers had all been withdrawn from the works for the Summer, I secured the attendance of a professional *chasseur*, who was accustomed to resort to the district in Winter for wild-fowl shooting. I learned from the Zouaves at Koleah that many eggs had been amassed for me after my departure; but that an agent of M. Verreaux having, unfortunately for me, passed that way, had secured the whole, the *boulets* preferring a franc in the hand to a dollar in prospect. We remained for two days at the lake, sleeping at night on the hill-side in an extemporized *gourbi* of brush-wood, just sufficiently up the slope to escape the risk of malaria from the marsh. We found two nests of the white-headed duck (*Erismatura mersa*) among the sedge, containing, the one three, the other eight, eggs. These are very large for the size of the bird, almost perfectly elliptical in shape, and a line longer and wider than that of the velvet scoter—of an extremely rough texture, unlike that of any other duck. The habits and flight of the bird are more like those of a grebe than a duck. It often saves itself by diving, and remains under water for a considerable time.

I saw several pairs of the pochard (*Fuligula ferina*), and one pair of red-crested whistling ducks (*Fuligula rufina*), but could not discover their nests. The white-eyed duck (*Fuligula nyroca*) seemed tolerably abundant on the lake, and one nest rewarded our research. At length we arrived on the southern side of the lake, and pushed through to the heronries. Here we had to leave our punt, and struggle through the slime on foot. We soon came on a large colony of squacco herons (*Ardea comata*), who were just beginning to sit. About thirty or forty nests were scattered about in different directions in a dense bed of reeds, piled up to the height of two or three feet from the mud, supported on tufts of reeds, and composed of great heaps of water-weeds and rushes. Each nest contained three or four eggs, and very few were incubated. The birds left as we approached, rising clumsily from the reeds, and making a deafening noise. The bright green egg of the squacco is, I presume, well-known to collectors, and is of exactly the same tint as the common heron's. Plunging on a little farther, we came upon the quarters of the buff-backs (*Ardea bubulais*), who were in still greater numbers, and their nests very closely packed. Among them as they rose I saw a few purple ibis (*Falcinellus igneus*). The separate identification of the nests was, of course, impossible, but after some search we discovered two nests

of ibis, differing from the herons in their less lavish expenditure of materials, and containing each three eggs. They had not been incubated, and the complement was perhaps not complete. No one could mistake the rich blue eggs, so much rounder and smoother than those of the herons. I have been told that a few years since the ibis was plentiful, but has been almost extirpated by the French *chasseurs*, and I do not believe that there now remained more than these two pairs. The nests of the buff-back contained generally four eggs, sometimes only three, and had for the most part been incubated a few days.

Further back, and to the eastward, we found a few nests of the night-heron (*Nycticorax grisea*), not crowded like the others, but still in society. They, too, had been sat on for a little time. They were well concealed, and not always easy of detection among the matted roots of the reeds, though always on the ground. While the egg of the buff-back is of a delicate, greenish white, and varies much in size and shape, that of the night-heron is of a pale green, far more delicate than the common heron, though approximating to it. I may remark that I never, in Algeria, obtained or saw this bird in the first year's spotted plumage; all we noticed were in full adult dress.

The next day I resumed my quest, and obtained a single egg of the red-crested whistling duck in the open swamp. My companion shot the bird as it rose from the nest. *Fuligula Rufina* breeds sparingly at the lake, but remains there throughout the Winter. The males appear to desert the locality as soon as the females sit, and are never seen again until the end of Autumn. I have observed that the female erects her scanty crest in imitation of her mate, and proudly throws back her head, walking with a stately gait. The nest is like that of the coot, but not so large, better concealed, and without the gangway of rushes built by the other.

Searching for the nesting-place of the terns, I was surprised to find the whole colony of whiskered tern (*Sterna hybrida*) breeding in the nests of the eared grebes above described, and that, apparently, without having at all repaired the nests, which could have been only a few days evacuated by their constructors, as we saw hundreds of young eared grebes paddling about and diving in the open lake with their parents. My series of eggs of whiskered tern shows a decided tendency to pale green as the ground color, and a type clearly distinguishable from that of any other tern. The markings are rarely so large as in the eggs of the common

tern. A favorite food with these terns seems to be a large hairy caterpillar, which covered the neighboring marshes at this time in thousands. They were also plunging into the lake in quest of the frogs and newts with which it abounds.

I had now thoroughly searched the recesses of Halloula, but on returning had to learn that "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," for our punt grounded, and discharged all my loosely packed boxes into the mud. I saved, however, sufficient to provide an ample series of those species which I had taken in any plenty, and returned to Algiers without further incident, laden with spoils.

The following year I found that this paradise of herons, owing to the success of the drainage, was almost deserted. By this time the glories of Lake Halloula are among the things that were. The plow has before this effaced the traces of our heronry, and the ibis and the whiskered tern are already numbered with the ruffs of Lincolnshire and the great copper butterflies of Whittlesea.

WOMAN'S WORK

WOMAN'S obligation to the Gospel requires nothing less than the service of the entire life. But where shall woman's special field for effort be found? First and incomparably before all other places, if one has a home, *it is there*. In that charmed circle, whose name or idea has never found expression in heathen tongues, and for which the brilliant French language has no synonym, and which can be found nowhere on the globe save where the spirit of Jesus has renovated human life, there is woman's stronghold, and the source of her greatest influence.

Who that has ever had a Christian home can forget the sweet influences that cluster around that sacred spot? But in the midst of life's cares, struggling with its realities, how often has a breath, as from Eden, seemed to steal back from the quiet Sabbaths of my earlier days! The solemn hush of the morning hours, the simple repasts, the suspension of all needless labor, the relish for divine worship, the reading of good books, especially the Bible, the rich counsel from parental lips, are all fresh in my memory as a thing of yester-eve; and though I often listened with childish wonder at my mother's impassioned reading of the Psalms of David, thinking as I did that they were written for a far distant time and race, still I found that, as the years sped on, the music to her grew

sweeter and sweeter, until her ear was attuned to diviner strains that come from the celestial choirs. And then I learned, in grief and trial, that they were written for every age and every heart, and that they, and *they alone*, who dwell in the secret places of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

No sermons or teachings that I had ever heard impressed my childish heart with the reality and divinity of our holy religion, like the unwavering faith in the Word of God that shaped the instructions and molded the arts of her who was my earliest counselor and friend. And what is true in my experience is true of thousands in our land. Here, then, is woman's seat of honor and throne of power.

But some one may ask, In this age of culture and refinement, of wide-spread intelligence and scientific research, shall woman abandon all intellectual pursuits, and settle down into the monotonous round of domestic toil? By no means. Bring all the wealth of learning and all the powers of art or song to the home; they are needed there, for it is a great work to which you are called.

When we build the walls of the spiritual Jerusalem, each must build over against his own house. Our great enemy is drawing our children to the theater, the opera, the gaming-table, and to the gates of death. We need to offset his wiles by developing intelligence, awakening thought, educating conscience, and in the Divine strength, showing a more excellent way.

Woman is not called to the home for the special purpose of displaying her dress, and embellishing her person; and if some of the ornaments could be spared from the dress of to-day, and more added to the mind and heart, some might be less conspicuous, but possibly a greater power.

It would almost seem that what the Church needs most to-day, is mothers who stand firm at their post of duty, who make no alliances with the world, who mingle with them as their Divine Master did, to bless and save them, but not to share their unhallowed pleasure—mothers who are not honorary but active members of the Churches in whose books their names are recorded—mothers who should teach their children to stand by and defend those institutions of their country that are founded on Christianity, and be like a wall of fire before those who would legally desecrate our Sabbaths, or withdraw the Word of God from our public schools.

But how does this accord with the cry that rises from the four quarters of our land? Is not woman called to another sphere?

And here I would beg leave to touch on a subject which might seem out of place here, and on which my lips would fain be silent forever, would only some stronger and braver heart take up the challenge that is thrown at our feet.

We hear of wrongs and oppressions endured by the women of our country, and I look over the land to find the cause. I find every avenue to successful industry and enterprise open before her. I find women filling the most honored places as teachers of our youth. I see them holding in their hands the keys that can unlock ancient classics or modern science. All that the sculptor or painter or poet can achieve lies within her grasp.

I turn my eyes to the other nations, and I find that in position the women of our country stand peerless on the earth. One only thing she has not yet taken in her hand—the ballot. A very simple thing, we are told, which would consume an hour's time, and yet modify the whole face of legislation, banish intemperance from our coasts, remove legal disabilities from woman, and secure to her the free and full enjoyment of all her rights. The poor sewing-women of our cities are paraded before our eyes. The remedy for their sufferings is the ballot. The women that are crushed in homes of intemperance and infamy, their hope lies in the ballot. The unequal adjustment of property between the sexes—remedy, the ballot. The degradation and ignorance of great masses, all removed by the ballot. As if women could vote themselves higher wages, learning, position, intelligence, and ability.

But this is only the seeming, the fair and plausible, side of this question. I look into their writings, and see the spirit that prompts to their efforts, and the designs that underlie them all. I read, from one of our Christian editors, that women have their ambitions for power as well as men, and am pointed to the queens of the East that once bore sway, and to that honored sovereign who reigns to-day over the British Empire. There is, then, a faint looking toward something more than dropping the harmless paper in the ballot-box.

I read, from the pen of the gifted Mrs. Livermore, that in all her acquaintance she has never found a woman who was satisfied with her position, nor a single man, however lowly, who would exchange positions with any woman, however elevated, Queen Victoria and Empress Eugénie excepted. This was written before that royal princess had made her home in exile.

I read, as from Anna Dickinson, this giving woman the ballot is doing far more than would

appear, and will change the whole fabric of society. I read, a year ago or more, from a woman's paper, published in New York, I think, that legislation must be entirely changed, and that the public mind must be freed from the idea that marriage is a Divine institution. It must understand that it is only a human compact, and binding as the parties shall mutually agree. Not long ago, Mrs. Stanton advocated, before a Chicago audience, the doctrines that might come with better grace from the prophet of Utah, or the harem of some Turkish pasha.

I look to see where this idea of woman suffrage takes its rise. I find it with Spiritualists, free-love advocates, and infidels. Into their trains they have drawn, on the one hand, some of the hard-working sewing-women, whose cause they seem to take in charge, and, on the other, some of the noble-hearted who are ever ready to take a step in advance, or to lift the fallen. They press their way to legislative halls, and demand recognition. They threaten with political oblivion every politician who shall oppose them, and every minister who differs from them becomes a mark for their offensive language. I fail to see in their cause or acts that which challenges my admiration or my faith, and, without trying to fathom their intentions, or even to guess the result, should their cause succeed, turn from their supposed remedy for the ills that do *really* exist, to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here we find all that can elevate, refine, and renew. To the spread of this we can invite the hearty co-operation of every Christian woman, knowing that from her heart will rise a quick response.

The providence of God has recently opened the way for the Gospel among the women of heathen lands in a most wonderful manner. Now the call comes from India and China for teachers for their women. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has been organized to meet this demand. It is so arranged that, by paying the small sum of two cents a week, any one can become a member. This the poorest among us can do. And what might not the more wealthy accomplish? O, that they would bring in their gifts into the treasury of the Lord as he has prospered them! Said a Presbyterian clergyman, at a recent missionary meeting in New York, "Each time I administer the sacrament, there is more jewelry worn to the communion-table than would support every Christian mission on the face of the earth."

But it is not India and China alone that are asking for our aid; Mexico, Italy, Spain, all turn to our country for help. We are able to

give it. The responsibility rests upon us. May we not prove recreant to our high trust, but let the streams of our influence flow forth from our own homes to earth's remotest bounds!

THE THEATER AND RELIGION.

THE term *theater* is from the Greek, and denotes a *seeing-place*—a place where plays are acted for the amusement of the people.

But little is definitely known in regard to the origin of the theater; but it undoubtedly dates from very great antiquity, and is usually ascribed to the Greeks and Romans.

The Emperor Napoleon, in his "Life of Julius Cæsar," says, "Toward this period also (559 years B. C.), theatrical representations were first given by the ædiles."

Thespis is said to have acted his plays in a wagon; and in the time of Æschylus, the performances took place upon temporary wooden scaffolds, one of which having broken down during a representation in which Æschylus and Pratinas were rivals, about 500 years B. C., the Athenians were induced to build the great theater of Dionysus (Bacchus), the Lenæan, the first permanent structure of stone of the kind. It was about one hundred and sixty years in building; and in the mean time other theaters had been erected in many parts of Greece and Asia Minor. This theater of Bacchus, built by the Athenians, is the model for all the theaters that have followed it.

Many of the ancient theaters were immense in their proportions, calculated often to accommodate the entire populace. One built by M. Scæurus (58 years B. C.), was capable of seating eighty thousand people. We are told that the theater of Taormina contained forty thousand spectators.

It is not certainly known whether women were ever admitted to the theaters of the ancient Greeks, although their performances always took place in the daylight. It is a fact that they were not among the performers, none but men being admitted.

In the Roman theaters, which, in many respects, were copied after the Greek, women were allowed to perform the interludes and the mimic pieces, but never took part in the regular drama. This is a significant fact, when we remember the extremely lax morals of the ancients. It is also an especially noticeable fact in this connection, that the first Roman theater built of stone was pulled down before it was completed (155 years B. C.), on the score of public morality.

The largest of the ancient theaters whose ruins are now known was at Ephesus. Its general diameter was six hundred and sixty feet.

The theaters of the ancients were more spacious and costly than their temples of religious worship. But, notwithstanding all their grandeur of proportion, and magnificence of design, and splendor of architectural ornamentation, they have passed away, and with them has disappeared the ancient drama.

But few traces and historical references remain, to give us any thing like a just conception of these mighty heathen play-houses, which were indeed fit temples for the gods. Their shrines are broken and demolished; their massive walls, once springing proudly toward the clouds, are crumbled and fallen. The beautiful arch is shattered and uncomely, and around the slanting, crumbling columns of purest marble, now the ivy twines; and over the toppling urn the fox-glove hangs its blossoms, as if unconscious of the general ruin.

The music that once thrilled the soul of the Athenian, and held spell-bound the enraptured Greek, has died away on the oppressive air; and the silence is broken only by the cautious tread of the traveler, and the owl's mournful hoot from his congenial home in the solitary haunts of the mossy ruin. What a contrast! Once the gay saloons flashed with beauty, and glittered with Oriental splendor, and rang with the voice of mirth and wine. Now the spider weaves his web in these slimy tombs, where the blackened bones of the once beautiful are. The lizard and the milk-snake drag their loathsome forms across the marble halls, and on either hand peer from out the eyeless holes of moss-grown human skulls. What places these for mirth and music now!

Between the decline of the ancient and the rise of the modern drama there is a long interval, in which the nearest approach to theatrical performance is found in miracle-plays, mysteries, and interludes. These were, for the most part, under the patronage of the Romish Church, and were given in convents, colleges, and churches. In 1548, the Confraternity of the Trinity had a theater in Paris, in which they were licensed by the Parliament to perform pieces of an "honest and lawful character."

The first Italian theater is said to have been erected at Florence in 1581; but it was of a private character. About the same time, an effort was made to revive classical theaters in Venice. In 1618, the modern arrangement of narrowing the stage, so that painted scenery could be employed, began to prevail. The

depth of the stage was vastly increased, to allow the use of the complicated stage machinery now necessarily employed to change the scenery, and to produce the spectacular pieces.

There were regular companies of players in England as early as the reign of Edward IV, long before there were regular play-houses. Churches, universities, private houses, and the yards of inns, served at first for their performances. Probably the first building in England for the purpose of a theater was the "London Theater," built before 1576. Movable scenery was first used in a regular drama, on a public theater, by Davenant, in 1662, though something of the sort had been arranged at Oxford, by Inigo Jones, as early as 1605, on the occasion of an entertainment given to James I.

Women, excluded from the public stage by the Greeks and Romans, on the score of public morals, first appear as actors in English theaters at about the time of the Restoration. From this period in the history of the theater dates the marked and rapid decline in character it has suffered, and its mighty increase of power for evil, and its debilitating influence on manhood, and its debasing influence on public morals.

The first theaters in America were opened in Williamsburg, Virginia, September 5, 1752; and in Nassau Street, New York, in 1753; in Albany, in 1769; and in Boston, in 1792. The largest theaters in the United States are the Opera-houses of New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn; and perhaps Chicago, before the fire.

Between the modern theater and the Christian religion, especially of the Protestant type, there exists to-day an avowed antagonism and open warfare. It is true that the theater has its patrons and admirers among professed Christians; but it is a recognized fact that, whatever may be the practice of Christians in individual instances, the spirit of our holy religion is stoutly opposed to the modern theater.

The distinctly pronounced sentiment of Christianity against any institution is sufficient ground, ordinarily, for its condemnation. At the same time, every intelligent Christian will carefully inquire into the reasons for such condemnation.

In approaching the discussion of the character and influence of the modern theater, we recognize, most cheerfully, the fact that there is evidently in human nature a fondness for visual representations of such things as the fancy may conceive. It does not grow out of depravity of nature. It is a pure and important fact—a law on which depends the entire system or philosophy of fine art. Painting and sculpture are only the embodiment, in substantial, mate-

rial form, of the creations of the imagination, so that the eye of the artist can feast itself on the productions of his own genius, and other souls catch the inspiration of his, and thus make a thing of beauty a joy forever. It is this principle that inspires in the child and in the man alike a love for pictures. It is this law of our nature that seeks delineation to the eye, that gives to oratory its magic power. The appropriate gesture, the animated countenance, the arched brow, the whole, active, living presence of the orator speaks, as well as the musical, well-trained voice, to the soul of the auditor. It is this law that gives importance to the modern system of object-teaching in the day-school, and the blackboard exercise in the Sunday-school. There is no straighter, broader avenue to the soul, especially of the unlearned, than the open eye.

The performances of the theater address themselves to the outer senses, and so awaken the imagination and arouse the grosser passions. The theater becomes, therefore, a powerful instrumentality—perhaps one of the most potent agencies on earth—for the sensual or spiritual, the pure or pernicious, education of those who attend upon it. That this education is demoralizing and unchristianizing, is the avowed opinion of the Protestant Christian world. That it might be made the school of virtue and of useful knowledge, is perhaps possible. Reform has been attempted, and has failed. Its character seems fixed by the prestige of centuries, and mere amusement is its only object; and, in order to success, it is necessary that the tastes and caprices of the modern theater-goer should be studied and gratified.

We are willing and desirous, in this discussion, to concede to the theater all that can justly be claimed in its favor; and hence we say that some of Shakspeare's plays, with certain parts expunged, are as fit to be played as they are to be read; and to say that they are not fit to be read—nay, that they are not to form a part of the reading of every man of letters, of every woman of taste and culture—would be doing violence to the enlightened sentiment of the learned and the good. No. Let Shakspeare live forever. We might wish his failings less, but can not conceive of added beauty or increased perfection. He is fiction's greatest master, rivaled by none; the prince of dramatic genius; and, as to fancy, nature's noblest son.

But though constrained to say thus much of Shakspeare and some of his plays, we must also say that many of his productions are unmistakably vicious and corrupting. These latter are the plays usually selected when Shaks-

peare is drawn upon for the modern theater. The fact is, the more sensual and vulgar the play, the greater the rush of admirers. A theater on purely moral principles—as I doubt not one might be—would not have sufficient patronage, because of vulgar taste, to pay the gas-bills. But the majority of modern theater plays consist almost solely of gorgeous scenery, splendid equipage, and almost innumerable immodest, indecently exposed females, and, of course, are an assured pecuniary success. What a sacrifice of virtue for gain, to feast an audience of thousands—men, women, and children—on a scene which, for vulgarity and the obscene, beggars all description!

Nothing, absolutely, can be conceived of better calculated to vitiate the imagination and inflame the passions, than such scenes. Nothing, it seems to me, could be devised better calculated to inflame the brutal lusts of man, than the flashing forms of these half-nude dancing girls. Wings are lent to the wayward fancy, and an ample realm provided for her flight. Such was the view that Tasso, the Italian poet, took, when, in his immortal "Jerusalem Delivered," he brought the fair Armida before Godfrey, with her virgin breasts

"Part bare, part hid by her invidious vests;
Where jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadow'd secrecies to see;
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively fantasy.

As through pure water or translucent glass
The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
The thoughts, to wander on forbidden ground,
Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
She after paints, and whispers to Desire,
And with her charming tale fomenteth th' excited fire."

We have in this one fact the curse of the modern theater. It is true that all theaters, and all plays, are not equally censurable in this regard; and yet no theater is free from this sin, which has brought the enlightened sentiment of the Christian Church in open contact with it.

It would be otherwise if man had no imagination to excite, no base passions to inflame. But though the fire is needed in the house, when fanned and uncontrolled, it burns the building to ashes. Is it the love of the pure, the beautiful, the good, that attracts to the theater? By no means. We know how opposite to this is the very truth. It is true that beauty of architecture, gorgeous costumes, and the presence of the rich and gay, may please the eye, and the dulcet strains from the orchestra may delight the ravished ear, but these only render the soul the more susceptible to the unhallowed

influences of the stage. There is no thought, no sound, no sight or touch, but leaves its imprint on the tender soul. "As a man thinketh, so is he." The most fearfully daring thing that a man can do, is to violate his conscience. The next most wicked thing is to pervert his fancy, and beget within an unholy craving for sordid pleasures. The atmosphere surrounding such a one is poisonous as the deadly nightshade. His slimy touch leaves pollution dark and deep; and on his face, and in his voice and ways, there lives the unmistakable token of his shame.

The corrupting of the imagination is having its baneful influence on public morals. The secular newspaper press, with fearful effrontery, unmask every crime committed, in daylight or darkness, and leaves it in its bald shamelessness to the gaze of old and young alike. It can not be said, in justification of this unguarded exposure of crime, that it teaches the young lessons of virtue. The butcher and the experienced surgeon can open an artery, and carve up flesh and bone without the slightest twinge of nerve or momentary hesitation.

The effect of pernicious pictures, such as are found in some of the New York pictorials, is even worse than the effect of pernicious reading. The acting, upon the public stage, of vulgar and immoral plays, is still more detrimental to public morals than obscene pictures.

Another feature of the modern theater is its associations and surroundings. It is true, so far as my observation extends, that in close proximity to the theater are always to be found the dram-shops. They are frequently found under the same roof; and, in many instances, there are open halls and avenues from the one to the other, showing the fraternal feeling that exists between them; and there are always to be found, in the saloons of theaters, those who occasionally, during the interim of performances, frequent the dram-shops, and drink. A man is known by the company he keeps; and the associations and recognized surroundings of an institution are the indices of its character. The lowest, most vicious, and vulgar of society frequent the theater. There is scarcely a boot-black on the street but will work harder for money to go to the theater than for any other purpose. The frequenters of the dram-shop are there; the patrons of the ball-room and the billiard-table are there; and there she is found in all her bedizened splendor, who lurks for the fallen, and for the unsophisticated, that she may lead them where their steps, too, may "take hold on hell."

The question is often asked, "Why do not

Christians and moralists unite in an effort to redeem the theater, and make it the school of virtue, and a means of healthful recreation—a place where the beautiful and the true will develop æsthetic culture?"

For the reason, first, that a theater on such a plan would not pay expenses; proving that it is not needed in addition to the Church, the gallery of art, the lyceum, and the hall of music. And, secondly, because the theater, like many of the games, has been for so long a time in possession of the devil, and so exclusively for the amusement of the vulgar masses, that it is recognized as his property; it bears his unmistakable image and superscription, and no effort can redeem it, or wipe out the opprobrium that attaches to it.

We can not pass without special notice, as bearing upon the subject, the character and habits of the actors in modern theaters. What opinion is usually formed of a stranger when we are told that he is a *play-actor*? Do we regard him as a man of strict virtue and integrity, of high-toned sentiments of honor and true morality? Why is the universal impression the opposite of this? Why, but because the character of actors is the opposite, as the rule?

Washington Irving, in his story of "The Strolling Manager," says: "As I was walking one morning with Buckthorn, near one of the principal theaters, he directed my attention to a group of those equivocal beings that may often be seen hovering about the stage-doors of theaters. They were marvelously ill-favored in their attire; their coats buttoned up to their chins; yet they wore their hats smartly on one side, and had a certain knowing, dirty, gentlemanlike air, which is common to the sub-alterns of the drama.

"Buckthorn knew them well by early experience. 'These,' said he, 'are the ghosts of departed kings and heroes; fellows who sway scepters and truncheons, command kingdoms and armies; and, after giving away realms and treasures over night, have scarce a shilling to pay for a breakfast in the morning. Yet they have the true vagabond abhorrence of all useful and industrious employment; and they have their pleasures too; one of which is to lounge in this way, in the sunshine, at the stage-door during rehearsals, and make hackneyed theatrical jokes on all passers-by. Nothing is more traditional and legitimate than the stage. Old scenery, old clothes, old sentiments, old ranting, and old jokes are handed down from generation to generation; and will probably continue to be so until time shall be no more. Every hanger-on of a theater becomes a wag by inheritance, and

flourishes about at tap-rooms and six-penny clubs, with the property jokes of the green-room."

Such was the character of the mass of play-actors in Irving's time; and I doubt whether the profession has changed for the better since. It is true that occasionally there have been great spirits like Garrick and the Kembles, who, to some extent, have thrown off the general stigma, and risen proudly above it by the force of their individual character; but, as a body, actors and actresses are under religious excommunication and social ban. In this country, the demoralizing influence of the profession found its fitting exemplification in the tragedy of our murdered President by Wilkes Booth. The mimic tragedy of the stage fitted him for the tragedy of the box. This must ever be the legitimate effect of the stage, not only upon the actors, but upon the popular mind, while mimic tragedies are enacted there, the vulgar and debasing representations of which we and our children are daily compelled to look upon, in the pictured placards along our public streets, where a half-dozen fools are represented with supercilious frowns upon their faces and gleaming daggers in their hands.

An inordinate vanity and irregularity in money matters are among the vices of the profession; but that which, though it may have arisen in some measure out of their social excommunication, principally tends to delay the removal of the ban, is their looseness on the subject of marriage. Some of the greatest actors, who in other respects are deemed irreproachable, have two or three wives living; and there is a lavish promiscuousness about the notions of all, male and female, on the subject of family relations.

In view of all the facts in the case, we submit the question, Is the modern theater a fit place for the Christian, whose life should be an epistle known and read of all men, whose character should be without spot, and his life faultless? Is it a fit place for women, who should be the embodiment of all that is virtuous, refined, and holy; and who, in the eyes of man, is clothed with peculiar purity? Is it a fit place for the young men of this generation, in regard to multitudes of whom it is true, that their habits are depleting their manhood? Is it a fit place for children, on whose tender souls a blotch once made will leave its damned scar forever? What place is there in American civilization for the theater?

We admit the necessity, for the health of both mind and body, of the enjoyment, in frequent instances, of recreation of an innocent and law-

ful character. The indulgence in any pleasure or gratification, for the mere sake of *amusement*, is of doubtful propriety; but the wasted energies of body and mind frequently need *recreation*, when innocent, uncorrupting pleasures are not only commendable, but necessary. But mere amusement, pursued as a calling, is poor sport.

"The mind may not always be bent back, like the Parthian, straining at the past;
And if thou art wearied with wrestling on the broad arena of science,
Leave awhile thy friendly foe, half-vanquished in the dust;
Refresh thy jaded limbs, return with vigor to the strife,—
Thou shalt easier find thyself his master for the vacant interval of leisure.
Man hath found out inventions to cheat time of the weariness of life,
To help him forget realities, and hide the mystery of guilt.
For love of praise and hope of gain, for passion and delusive happiness,
He joineth the circle of folly, and heapeth on the fire of excitement,
Oftentimes sadly out of heart at the tiresome insipidity of pleasure,
Oftentimes laboring in vain, convinced of the palpable deceit;
Yet a man speaketh to his brother in the voice of glad congratulation,
And thinketh others happy though he himself be wretched;
And hand joineth hand to help in the toil of amusement,
While the secret aching heart is vacant of all but disappointment."

RALPH GREGORY'S WIFE.

IT was a hazardous experiment, although it was not so regarded by the Rev. Silas Ingraham. The good old man, unworlly as a child, had been a close student and bookworm all his days. He loved his daughter tenderly; but he knew little of woman's nature or needs. Ralph Gregory was a gentleman and a scholar. The Summer had proved that, if it had proved nothing more. And when the said gentleman and scholar asked for his daughter's hand, Mr. Ingraham gave it to him with an undoubting faith that he was thereby securing for her supreme felicity. To be the wife of a man learned in all the wisdom of the East, and master of all the wonderful secrets of the laboratory, was not this glory and happiness enough for any woman?

But Aunt Rachel had misgivings, which she kept to herself. Why should she throw the shadow of her own doubts upon the sun-lit path little Eunice was treading?

As for Eunice herself—well, there is no need to say much about it. She loved the man—this stately stranger, whose dark hair was just beginning to be threaded with silver; but who had laid at her feet the rich treasures of his love and the learning her father valued so highly, as humbly as any school-boy. As she sat by her window, looking out into the soft September

night, while the fragrance of mignonnette and violets stole up from the gardens below, all consciousness, all feeling was swallowed up in the one thought that to-morrow she would be Ralph Gregory's wife.

Aunt Rachel gave a light tap at the door, which was slightly ajar, and then entered, flooding the room with the light of the lamp she held.

"You are not asleep, dearie? Not even undressed! Here is something Mr. Gregory has just sent over from the hotel; and the boy said it was to be given to you to-morrow morning. But as you are awake, you may as well see it to-night. It is a wedding present, most likely."

Eunice broke the string with eager, impatient fingers, her cheek flushing the while, and a soft, tender light coming into her eyes.

A little casket, within which, upon a bed of blue velvet, gleamed a set of costly pearls, large, pure, lustrous. An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped the lips of both women. But it was called forth wholly by the beauty of the white wonders. Neither of them had the slightest idea of the costliness of the magnificent gift.

"They are just lovely!" exclaimed Eunice, trying the effect of a bracelet upon her round white arm. "They are almost too beautiful and delicate."

"Nothing is too beautiful for you, child. But I hope Mr. Gregory has not been extravagant," said Aunt Rachel, with characteristic New England prudence. "These trinkets must have cost as much as twenty-five dollars, frail as they are. Did he ever tell you any thing about his affairs—his money matters?"

"Not a word. Why should he?" and Eunice's blue eyes opened wider in innocent surprise. "He knows well enough that I will be content with small things, having never been used to great ones."

"I presume he has not laid up much," said Aunt Rachel, placing the casket on the bureau, and stooping to unlace Eunice's hooks. "These scholarly, literary men are pretty much alike, I guess, the world over. There's your father, now. I do n't know but he would have starved to death, if I had not been here to see to things and take care of him. Their heads are always up among the stars somewhere. I expect you'll have to be the manager, little Eunice."

The pink flush on the girl's cheek deepened, and she smiled softly, as the vision of a bright, well-ordered home arose before her. But she said nothing.

The clock struck eleven. Aunt Rachel jumped

up. "What am I thinking of, talking here at this time o' night?" she said. "You must be asleep, child, in just five minutes by the clock."

The wedding was over. Aunt Rachel went up-stairs with Eunice, to help her put on her traveling-suit.

"I would be careful of this," she said, folding the wedding-dress. "Swiss muslin never looks as well after it has been washed. May be old Mrs. Gregory will give a party for you after you get to the city, and you will need it then."

Eunice passed the next six weeks in a dream of delight. She had never traveled; and Mr. Gregory took her to the White Mountains, to Niagara, and up the Lakes to Mackinaw; seeing all things anew through her fresh, observant eyes, and renewing his own lost youth in the beauty and enthusiasm of hers.

Eunice had heard of the expenses of traveling, and she sometimes wondered, in her innocent little heart, if they were not being recklessly extravagant—spending in that one journey more than her father's yearly income. But when she once hinted as much, her husband only laughed, and patted her on the cheek. So she dropped the matter, promising herself that she would repay him for the pleasure he was giving her by double prudence hereafter. But at length she grew tired.

"Let us go home, Ralph," she said. "I want to see your mother."

So, not unwillingly on his part, they turned their faces toward the great city, where were his Lares and Penates—his books, his manuscripts, his appliances for scientific research and investigation. Four days afterward, just at sunset, they took their seats in the carriage that was to convey them from the depot to their own home.

Ah, that first home-coming! Eunice had dreamed of it many a time. Through all the excitement of unaccustomed travel, there had been a warm glow at her heart whenever she thought of the simple, unpretending house, the loving welcome, the dear old lady who would give her a mother's kiss, the cheerful tea-table, the pleasant, restful talk under the roof that was to be henceforth hers. Yet now her color came and went, a sudden tremor thrilled her frame, and her heart sank with something like dismay. She nestled closer to her husband. But he was looking out of the window, watching for old, familiar landmarks, and did not notice her troubled face.

At length, after a space of time that seemed interminable to Eunice, the carriage drew up before an elegant house in the finest street in the city.

"Ah, here we are," said Mr. Gregory; and in a moment Eunice, in dream-like bewilderment, had mounted the broad stone steps with a crouching lion on either side. A servant threw open the door before the echoes of the bell had died away—an elegant, stately personage, before whom she shrank back abashed.

"Welcome home, your honor," he said. "May I make bold to offer my congratulations?" Eunice drew her veil closer.

"Thank you, John," Mr. Gregory answered. "Where is your mistress? Were we expected?"

"Mrs. Gregory is in the drawing-room, sir, and Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Granger likewise. Yes, sir, you were expected. Shall I take the satchels, sir?"

Mr. Gregory looked at his watch.

"How long before dinner, John? Or has it been served?"

"O no, sir. The cook had orders to delay it for two hours. It will be served in half an hour, sir."

Mr. Gregory hesitated.

"Will you go to the drawing-room and see my mother and sisters now, Eunice? Or will you go to your room first?"

"O, let me go to my room!" she whispered, clinging to his arm like a frightened child. "Let us go at once."

They crossed the tessellated marble floor, and ascended the elegant staircase. Hebe, with extended cup, smiled upon them as they passed her niche; Diana looked sternly out from behind her bended bow. But Eunice noticed neither, as she passed on with hasty step, intent only upon reaching the seclusion of her own apartment. It was reached at last. John put down the satchels, unstrapped the trunks, and departed. Then Mr. Gregory took her in his arms.

"Welcome home, my darling," he said. "Welcome to my home, which is henceforth yours."

She glanced about her. Every thing was faultlessly elegant. The room and its appointments showed the perfection of taste and skill. Her eyes wandered from point to point, seeing new beauties every-where. Yet her cheeks, which had worn a rosy flush all day—the flush of joy—were growing paler each moment, and the hand her husband held was icy cold.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" he asked, in his man-like ignorance. "What makes you droop so? Are you so tired?"

Yes, she was tired, she said, which was true. But how could she tell him that she was bitterly disappointed? that this was not the home-com-

ing of which she had dreamed? How could she tell him that this unaccustomed, unexpected splendor chilled her, and that she would gladly have exchanged it all for the warm, motherly greeting she had expected at the door?

She had thrown herself upon a low lounge, and lay there with a face that was too still and quiet. Her husband roused her.

"I am sorry you are so tired, dear," he said; "but you have barely time to dress for dinner. Can I do any thing for you? Shall I ring for my mother's maid? You shall have one of your own to-morrow."

"Must I dress?" she said, ignoring the question as to the maid. "If I could only have a cup of tea up here, and go to bed."

"O, that would never do," he answered, "especially as my sisters dine here in honor of our arrival. And I suppose you must dress," he added, after a little pause, during which Eunice rose wearily. "It is the custom of the house. I never knew my mother fail to dress for dinner."

She went to her trunks, and took out two or three dresses, with a vague, uneasy consciousness that her very best was not quite good enough for the occasion. Which should it be? the blue muslin, the black silk, or the gray foulard? An idle question, O ye sages and philosophers! Yet it troubled this young girl, trembling upon the threshold of her new life, and longing for womanly sympathy.

After much tribulation—for the wavy, golden hair was not on friendly terms with the nervous fingers—she was ready at last, and they went down to the drawing-room. As they paused for an instant in the arched door-way, Eunice caught a glimpse of two ladies and a gentleman standing near the bay-window, while at the upper end of the long room, in a crimson velvet chair, sat Mr. Gregory's mother. Was that the "dear old lady" she had longed to see—that elegant woman in purple *moire*, with heavy bands of raven hair, an atom of point-lace in lieu of a cap, and a diamond upon her breast that gleamed like a star in the distance?

She rose to receive them, but remained motionless, with one delicate hand resting upon the buhl table at her side. Did the emerald carpet at their feet stretch away for miles and miles? Was the length of that room interminable? So it seemed to Eunice as, with knees that trembled in spite of all her resolution, with painfully flushed cheeks, and an air of shy constraint that was entirely foreign to her nature, she traversed the space between the door and the statuesque figure that waited their approach. There were a few formal words of greeting, a pair of cold lips just brushed her cheek, some

commonplace questions were asked and answered. Then Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Granger were presented, the same ceremonies were repeated, and dinner was announced. Mr. Vaughn offered an arm to Eunice, Mr. Gregory gave his to his mother, and they proceeded to the dining-room.

It was a ceremonious, stately, formal banquet, as unlike a family dinner as any thing very well could be. Mrs. Gregory said but little to any one. The two sisters devoted themselves to their brother, plying him with all manner of questions. Mr. Vaughn, a courteous gentleman of forty-five, did his best to engage Eunice in conversation; and she, feeling instinctively that he met her in a more kindly spirit than the ladies of the party had done, strove to meet his advances in the same spirit. But she was tired and strangely oppressed; the very servants overawed her. She felt that Mrs. Vaughn's cold gray eyes, and Mrs. Granger's black ones, were scrutinizing her, from the shade of her ribbons to the color of her hair; that they were criticising her every look and word and action. She grew momentarily colder and stiller and paler; and, by the time they left the table, the dark circles about her eyes, and the compression of the sweet, sensitive mouth, told that she was suffering intensely.

Mr. Gregory insisted that she should go to bed immediately; and his mother offered to send her maid to render all needful assistance. But Eunice protested earnestly that this was unnecessary, and objected faintly to her husband's proposal to go up-stairs with her himself. Her objections, however, were warmly seconded by the trio of ladies.

"No, no, Ralph, we can not spare you. You owe this evening to us, after your long absence. Your wife will be better by herself. Rest and quiet will soonest restore her."

It was a feeling of strange shyness, a dread of seeming foolishly, boyishly fond, that led Mr. Gregory to do violence to his own heart, and refrain from following his wife to her elegant, lonely room. So it happened that Eunice wept herself to sleep, from sheer homesickness and heart-sickness, that first night in her new home.

A furious storm of wind and rain came up that evening, and Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Granger were persuaded to remain all night. Mr. Vaughn, however, declared himself able to cope with the elements, be they ever so furious, and departed at ten o'clock. Mr. Gregory soon went up-stairs, pleading fatigue as an excuse for keeping early hours.

"Well?" said Mrs. Gregory, interrogatively,

as the three ladies settled themselves for a confidential chat.

What they said is not worth repeating. It would be a sad waste of time, if I were to write, or you to read, the selfish and worldly babbling of that hour, so we will pass on to Estelle Vaughn's summing up of the whole matter.

"A mere baby. Pink cheeks, blue eyes, curly hair. No character, no style. That's all there is of Ralph Gregory's wife."

"But am I to abdicate in her favor? That is the question to be decided," said Mrs. Gregory. "This is Ralph's house, you know. His wife must be mistress here, if he wills it."

"He will never think of it, if it is not suggested to him," replied Mrs. Granger. "Simply ignore the presence of a rival, and keep the reins in your own hands. Keep this child in the background. Ralph will never know the difference."

"The truth is, we can not bring her out," said Mrs. Vaughn. "A mere unformed country girl, she would not enjoy society in the least. She is not accustomed to it. For my part, I shall treat her well, of course; but I shall not make a fuss over her."

"We must all do our duty by her," said the mother, virtuously. "Duty is the first consideration always;" and with this platitude for a sleeping-cup, the trio separated.

Ralph Gregory was one of that class of men who, in all that pertains to the ordinary, practical affairs of every-day life, "having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not." He had, in many respects, a rare and noble nature. His hand was open as the day to melting charity, when its objects were once pointed out to him.

He was quick to relieve distress of whatever character, as soon as he perceived its existence. But he was so absorbed in his own pursuits, his own investigations, his own truly earnest endeavors to ameliorate the condition of mankind at large, that the joy and sorrow, the needs and yearnings of the individual man or woman nearest him, were quite likely to be unperceived or forgotten. He loved this young wife of his dearly. Yet his sister was correct in her estimate of his character, when she said that he would never know whether she took her rightful position in his house. As the days went on, he never once perceived that she was persistently ignored, underrated, and set aside. He did not see that her dress was unsuited to her position, and to his wealth. He was not aware that her days passed wearily in listless, lonely idleness, longing for his voice and smile, while he sat in his study absorbed with book and pen. At first she had been in the habit of following

him to the library, and, nestling upon a cushion at his feet, she would busy herself with some bit of fancy work, or with a book of her own, content and happy if an occasional crumb but fell to her, a tender, caressing word, or the light touch of his hand upon her head. But Mrs. Gregory soon put an end to all that.

"I am astonished at the temerity of these young wives," she said to Mrs. Granger, in Eunice's presence. "I never venture to intrude upon Ralph in his working-hours. The study has been holy ground, sacred from all intruders until now. But my daughter-in-law here goes boldly in without so much as a question. However, it is possible that he has overcome his dislike to interruptions."

After that, Eunice sought the library no more. A word would have opened her husband's eyes; and when he once saw, he was prompt to act. But the word was not spoken, and Eunice was henceforth afraid of intruding upon him. And he, though he missed her gentle presence, thought the study must be a dull place for her, and that she was happier with his mother and sisters, joining in their varied occupations and amusements. So there was silence upon his part also.

The next Summer, Mrs. Gregory and her daughters were going to Newport.

"You will go with them, of course, Eunice," said Mr. Gregory. "I am so busy that I can not leave the city at present; but you must not stay here through the hot weather."

She hesitated a moment. "I can not go to Newport," she said, somewhat timidly; "but may I go home to Aunt Rachel, Ralph?"

"May you! of course you may. Never ask me a question with that timid air again, my wife. You are to make yourself happy in your own way, always."

Two weeks from that day, she sat with Aunt Rachel in her own little chamber in her girlhood's home. The air was as soft and balmy, the skies were as blue, the sunset pomp as royally magnificent, the roses as sweet, the stars as bright, as they were last June, when she was learning life's easiest lesson—how to love. But she had changed; and as she sat by the window, looking out into the soft June twilight, there was a shadow upon her brow, the sign and token of a deeper shadow on her heart. Aunt Rachel laid her hand upon her head.

"What is it, dearie? Tell me all about it. Has life disappointed you?"

"Bitterly," she answered; "but it can not be helped, Aunt Rachel, and I would rather not talk about it."

Aunt Rachel was silent for a few moments.

Then she said, softly: "But perhaps I can help you, Eunice; I am a plain country woman, dear, I know; but I have lived many years, and life has taught me many lessons. You had not been here an hour before I saw that you were not happy. Tell me your troubles, and may be I can help you to find a way out of them."

Eunice shook her head, and the tears slowly forced their way through her closed eyelids. But a sudden thought struck her.

"It is not my husband's fault, Aunt Rachel. You are not to think it is my husband's fault—he knows nothing about my life or my troubles."

A something that was half-smile, half-frown played over Aunt Rachel's face for a moment. Perhaps she thought that his wife's plea was enough to condemn Ralph Gregory; but, if so, she would not distress the loyal, wifely heart that shrank from throwing the least shadow of blame upon its chosen lord.

So she kissed the tear-wet cheek, and went her way for a season. She knew that Eunice would turn to her at last for counsel and sympathy, even as she had been wont to do in the old childish days. And her faith was not in vain. One day, not long afterward, her child told her the whole story of her married life; told it far more fully than we have narrated it above. Aunt Rachel saw, as in a mirror, all its loneliness, its isolation, its barren emptiness.

"And so you have seen no one? Been invited nowhere?"

"O, yes; a few ladies called on me when I first went to C.; and there were two or three of the number whose acquaintance I should have been glad to cultivate."

"Then why did you not?"

"I can not tell you, Aunt Rachel. Simply I could not. It seemed to me that I was hemmed in by insurmountable barriers. If I received an invitation, I could not accept it. I will not attempt to describe the process, but by some species of legerdemain, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gregory's regrets were written and dispatched, and I seemed to assent to it."

"But how about your husband?"

"He likes books better than people. Still, he would have gone out with me, if he had thought I cared to go. To tell the truth, Aunt Rachel, I have been made to feel my inferiority, my deficiencies, so keenly that—"

"Your inferiority! your deficiencies!" exclaimed Aunt Rachel. "Come here, child."

Eunice obeyed. Her friend surveyed her deliberately, from the crown of her sunny head to the toe of her black kid slipper. Then placing a hand on either shoulder, she wheeled her suddenly round.

"Look in that glass," she said. "Did you not know that you were a beauty, child? Do you not know that you have brains, and that you are a lady, born and bred? You don't remember your mother, Eunice; but I doubt if there is a Gregory among them all who could hold a candle to her. You have been so meek and unassuming that these people thought you had no character, no strength. Now you must conquer them with their own weapons; fight fire with fire."

"But, Aunt Rachel—"

"There are no buts in the case. When you go back to C., you are going to take your proper position in society, side by side with your husband's mother and sisters. Have you plenty of money, Eunice?"

"Yes; and credit at the bankers' besides." The young wife's eyes were brightening, and she smiled as she felt the magnetism of her aunt's sturdy nature.

"What are you thinking about, auntie?"

"Wednesday, Thursday, Friday," she said. "You and I are going to Boston, to-morrow, Eunice; Friday we shall do a deal of shopping, and Saturday will bring us home. And with us will come a mantua-maker. I do n't know much about the fashions, dearie, but I have some common sense; and, now that I understand your husband's position, I know what you need better than I did when you were married. That poor Swiss muslin that I bade you be so careful of—have you ever worn it?"

"No; and I never shall wear it."

"And 'old Mrs. Gregory' did not 'give a party' for you? O, Eunice, Eunice!"

Aunt Rachel laughed with tears in her kindly eyes—laughed and cried, as we all do sometimes over the illusions of life.

In the cars, the next day, she said, "Have you ever sung for those people down there, Eunice?"

"Sung for them? Not I."

"And you have n't practiced any?"

"There was no piano in my own room, and as for touching the grand instrument in the drawing-room—"

Eunice stopped suddenly, and gave a faint little shiver of dismay.

"We are going to be more self-asserting after this," said Aunt Rachel. "You have made mistakes as well as other people, my child. I shall see your old teacher, Signor Rubini, to-day, and engage him to come twice a week to give you lessons again. Then you'll have to practice."

That was a very busy Summer to Eunice; and as the days went on, new hopes, new interests sprang up, and it grew to be a happy one.

The color came back to her life again. Her husband made her several visits; and there, where neither science nor learning entered the field as rivals, he was the same devoted lover as of old. Eunice wished those happy days might last forever. But Autumn came at last, and she went back to C.

She had not been in the house an hour, before it was evident to the elder Mrs. Gregory that some change had passed over her. The air of shy constraint, of listless languor, of timid self-depreciation, had vanished, and its place there was a simple dignity, a quiet grace that she had never seen before. It was merely that Eunice had found her old self again—the self that had been chilled and frightened away on the night of her first home-coming. The next morning, when her husband went to his study after breakfast, she followed him, while her mother-in-law looked on in dumb amazement.

A few days thereafter, cards of invitation for an evening party were brought in, as they sat at the tea-table. Mrs. Gregory glanced at her own envelope, then tossed the other to Eunice.

"From Mrs. Burton," she said. "You will not care to go, I suppose, as you are not fond of our parties. Estelle or Marion will call for me. If you will write your regret, I will send Thomas with it to-morrow morning."

That would have settled the question three months ago. But now Eunice laughed merrily.

"I have never yet had an opportunity of knowing whether I liked them or no," she answered. "I think I will attend this party, and see how it is. That is, if Ralph will go with me;" and she glanced at her husband, who assented at once.

Mrs. Gregory's color deepened.

"I think you have no suitable dress," she said, "and it will be some trouble to have one made in season. However, if you insist upon going, I will call on Madame Devereux with you to-morrow morning."

"Thank you," was Eunice's reply, "but I have a dress that will be entirely suitable, and will not trouble you. For Thursday evening, is it?"

On Thursday, Mrs. Gregory concluded to spend the day with Mrs. Vaughn, and go from her house to Mrs. Burton's in the evening. An inconvenient arrangement, on many accounts, but she chose it, and the programme was carried out to the letter.

It happened, in the course of the evening, while the gay throng was gathering in Mrs. Burton's spacious rooms, that Mrs. Gregory, with another dowager, occupied a sofa in one corner. Mrs. Vaughn was turning the leaves of a book of rare engravings at a table near by,

and Mrs. Granger exchanging merry badinage with a friend. Presently the attention of all three was caught by words spoken near them.

"There! Look there, Bradshaw! Look! I wonder who she is? Do you know?"

"Who? that woman in black velvet and diamonds?"

"No, no, I know her. There! that beautiful girl standing just beneath the chandelier—that Undine, in pale green, with sea-foam of point-lace, and pearl ornaments. By Jove!"

"Some stranger in town, probably," said Bradshaw, twirling his mustache complacently. "At least, I have not the honor of knowing the lady. But I do homage to your taste, Thompson. She is a beauty. Ah! good evening, Doctor"—and he shook hands with a friend—"we were speaking of the lady in green."

"Do n't lose your hearts, young gentlemen," was the laughing rejoinder, "though I admit you have strong provocation. But that 'beautiful girl' yonder is Mrs. Ralph Gregory."

"What! wife of the learned party who wrote the book about fossils or mummies, or something? You do n't say!" and Bradshaw walked off to seek an introduction.

The crowd about them parted just then, and the three ladies leaned forward, with one accord, to catch a glimpse of the lady under discussion. Surely their eyes deceived them. It could not be Eunice. But it was Eunice, leaning upon the arm of the most distinguished man present, bright, arch, brilliant, beautiful—undeniably the star of the evening.

There was a call for music by and by.

"Do you sing, Mrs. Gregory?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

"A little, doubtless? Ladies seldom acknowledge to more than that."

"No," said Eunice, smiling. "Truth compels me to say that I sing a great deal."

"Then you will favor us?"

A hushed stillness fell upon the crowded rooms as, after a few low, trembling chords, the pure, clear, soaring, magnetic voice rose, swelled, then died away in soft, articulate whispers. Men and women listened with bated breath; and when she rose from the piano, a low murmur of delight and admiration ran through the crowd.

"Where did she ever learn to sing like that?" exclaimed Mrs. Vaughn, in a subdued tone. "I did not know that she had taken a single lesson."

"If I am not mistaken, you will find there are several other things that you 'did not know,' Estelle," said her husband. "What did I tell you? I always liked her. She was shy

and constrained, because she did not understand herself or you, and because you frightened her. I suspect that Ralph, with his usual obliviousness, had told her absolutely nothing of the life she would meet here; and, as was but natural, its glare and glitter bewildered her. But she has grown wiser; and, since the issue is to be met, it behooves you to meet it gracefully. For, if I can read the signs of the times, the scepter has departed from Israel."

"You are so irreverent, James. It shocks me to hear you quote Scripture in that light, half-contemptuous way."

Mr. Vaughn laughed, turned on his heel, and went off in pursuit of Eunice. The king is dead! Long live the king!

Whatever they may have felt, Mrs. Gregory and her daughter had too much good sense, too much worldly wisdom, to betray their discomfiture. None were louder than they in praises of Mrs. Ralph Gregory; and they were "so glad" that she had been able to overcome the homesickness that at first had unfitted her for society.

That evening opened the doors of an enchanted world to Eunice. Young, brilliant, beautiful, with rare gifts of fascination, of which she was herself totally unconscious, she had never used her powers, never tested them until that night. Was it any wonder that she found a new, a wondrous joy in their exercise? Was it strange that, when society welcomed her with loud acclaim, and crowned her queen, she was ready to receive its homage?

For a while Ralph Gregory found an unaccustomed delight in accompanying his wife to the brilliant assemblies, where she shone as a "bright, particular star." She was so fair, so lovely, so admired, and she was his. But at length it grew wearisome. Even the incense that was offered at the shrine of his idol was not sufficient to sweeten the hours that were spent apart from his beloved books. He was too old, he said, to be a squire of dames; and his mother, Vaughn, and the rest of them, could take care of Eunice. She must not make a recluse of herself, because he was one. So gradually their feet turned into separate ways: his to the retirement of his study; hers, whither?

Yet she was not merely a woman of fashion. As the months rolled on, and she realized more fully the vast opportunities for self-culture that her position afforded; all that was finest, best, and highest in her nature, much that had lain dormant until now, woke into life and being. Literature, poetry, art, music, all these spoke to her soul, and took strong hold of her very existence. Yet even in these pursuits, her life

was apart from her husband's. He was forever groping in the region of solid fact. He was dealing with the deep things of science. He was seeking for the keys that should unlock the mysteries of the universe. He had no time to devote to *belles-lettres*; and the grandest triumphs of art were smaller in his eyes than the least new discovery in the fields more peculiarly his own.

"Ask Philip Mowbray," he said one day, when she went to him with a question relating to the symbols used in art. "He is a real *dilettante*, and understands all such matters. Ask him."

From that hour an intimacy, dangerously sweet, sprang up between Eunice Gregory and Philip Mowbray. Never were two natures in more perfect accord; never were two people born whose tastes, thoughts, fancies, sympathies, were in more entire harmony. They loved the same books, the same studies, the same music, the same pictures. And, more than all, they had both the same instinctive yearning after "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." A bad man could have gained no hold upon Eunice's nature; a thoughtless, frivolous woman could never have endangered Philip Mowbray's peace of mind. But both were young, both rarely gifted, and one, at least, was rarely beautiful. Ah, Ralph Gregory, blinder than any mole art thou! Having made this glowing, ardent, enthusiastic child—this lover of all things beautiful and fair—your wife, you sit quietly down to your musty records of ages past, and allow another to lead her in the flowery paths that should have been opened to her by your hand alone. Loving her truly and tenderly, you yet hold yourself aloof from her daily pursuits and pleasures, and let all the glory, the inspiration of her life come to her through another channel. Quiet and unimpassioned, you give her an occasional caress or tender word, while yet the friendship in another man's eyes burns with a warmer, stronger light than the love that is in your own!

Philip Mowbray was the first to perceive that there might be poison in this cup so wonderfully sweet, danger and dishonor in this friendship that was growing so perilously dear. As an honorable man what was he to do? Stay here for the joy of seeing the light in Eunice's innocent eyes grow deeper and tenderer day by day, or tear himself away, with his dawning love unlooked, unspoken, unbetrayed?

The noble nature, after a night of dismay, of anguish, of supplication, chose the nobler course. He would not trust himself to so much as look

upon her face again. He would not grant himself the sweet sorrow of a farewell, lest the last clasp of her hand, the last accents of her sadly smiling lips should cause him to betray what must be forever hidden. The next morning he wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. GREGORY,—I have suddenly determined to leave for Liverpool, in the steamer that goes out to-day, and have no time to call at Thirty-fourth Street, even to say good-bye. The affairs that call me abroad are quite imperative; and, unexpected as my departure is, I can not say when I shall be able to return. Good-bye, and may God bless you. P. M."

For half an hour after reading this note, Eunice sat with a white, wan face, gazing off over the beautiful waters of the bay, where the steamer was riding at anchor. Then she rose slowly and went to the library, with the note still crumpled in her hand.

Mr. Gregory looked up from his manuscripts with a welcoming smile, as his wife dropped upon a low seat at his knee.

"Read that," she said, giving him the note.

"Going abroad? Dear me! I am sorry," was Mr. Gregory's comment. "You will miss him sadly, won't you, Eunice? A fine, frank young fellow is Philip Mowbray, and I am heartily sorry he is going to leave us."

Eunice bowed her head still lower for an instant. Then lifting her clear, honest eyes to her husband's face, she said, just above her breath:

"I am glad."

"Glad! Why is that, child? I thought you would feel his going only too keenly."

"So I do, so I shall," she cried, while her fluttering color came and went. "But—I must tell you the truth, my husband. I should have no peace if I were to keep this from you. I think—I fear—that we were growing to be too much to each other; and it is best that he should go."

The last words were scarcely audible. Yet low as they were, they sent a keen thrill of pain through Ralph Gregory's heart. For a moment his cheek blanched, and a sharp spasm convulsed his lips. Then—ah, Philip Mowbray's was not the only noble nature—he lifted his wife from her low seat, and clasped her closely in his arms.

"Tell me all about it, my poor child. Tell me every thing," he whispered.

"There is nothing to tell," she answered. "Not a word, save what I have told you. I have kept nothing back."

He held her close to his heart, and a rain of kisses fell upon her brow and eyes and lips.

"My love, my darling!" he murmured. "What if I had lost you! I must take better care of you hereafter."

Her eyes brightened. "Do you indeed love me so much?" she asked. "Am I so much to you?"

"More than tongue can tell," he answered.

"Then, O my husband!" she cried, clasping her arms about his neck, and clinging to him as to a strong tower of shelter and support, "give me more of yourself, more of your time, your words, your thoughts. Do not leave me so utterly to my own devices, and to the chance companionship of strangers."

There was a moment's silence between the two. Then Ralph Gregory bent his head, and kissed his young wife's pleading lips again, before he replied to her passionate appeal.

"Whereas I was blind, now I see," he said, softly. "We will live for each other henceforth—for each other and in each other."

She nestled contentedly in his arms, and a soft repose settled down upon her face. But presently she looked up, with tears in her violet eyes.

"There is one thing more," she said, eagerly. "Ralph, will you give me a home?"

"A home! Is not this a home?"

"A home that shall be all ours," she went on; "where I can have home-cares and home-duties; where I can have something to do and to live for besides this constant whirl of society. I am not so devoted as you think to party-going, Ralph; but one must do something."

He looked at her earnestly. Her eyes were bright, clear, and steady; and he could not mistake the glance of confiding love that met his own.

"You shall have the home," he said. "And, so help me God, it shall be the warmest, sunniest nest in all Christendom."

CORRECTING FOR THE PRESS.

THE motto of an old, but perhaps very careless, corrector for the press was, "When you have ruined two or three books, you will want to go to coal-heaving;" a well expressed idea of the horror of repeated failures in the *science* of proof-reading. "There is nothing more common," says a lively writer, "than to read and to converse to no purpose. In every thing you undertake, be very careful of equivocation." This more especially applies to labor in the *science* of which we are now speaking. To read to no purpose, to equivocate, in this department of labor, is sure to ruin books and reputation. But perfection is impossible.

Even in the humble business of coal-heaving, a man is liable to err. And to a sensitive man, who strives to do his business well, failure in any undertaking is terrible.

Correcting for the press is a necessary and important business in the making of books. It is not every writer for the press, or author, whose knowledge is so absolute, whose taste is so critical, and whose eye is so keen, as to comprehend his wants and enable him to remedy his own literary deficiencies, not to speak of those in typography. In the correcting of the errors of the compositor, or type-setter, in the systematizing of the punctuation, capitalization, etc., of a literary work, in the "licking into shape" of the rugged sentences of the hasty and negligent writer, the corrector for the press, or "proof-reader," performs an important part. His work is certainly unknown and unappreciated by the thousands of readers; he sits in some obscure corner of a printing-office or bookstore, and performs his duties. But without his work, what would books and newspapers be?

This question may be answered by a glance at some of the "proof-slips" that have passed under his eye and hand in a day's labor. Let us take our readers into the Western Methodist Book Concern, if you please, which is generally considered to be, we understand, a model establishment in every department, from the Agents and editors down to the errand-boy. This establishment employs two proof-readers, whose time is constantly occupied in reading and correcting the errors made by compositors. In this work, they are assisted by the editors of the various papers and the authors of books printed here. The superintendent of the printing-office is particular as to the artisans he employs in his department; and it may therefore be premised that the compositors in the Book Concern are above the average. As a sample of their errors in defective punctuation, improper placing of capitals, leaving out of words, misspelling, doubling words, false paragraphing, misquoting, or not quoting in the right place, wrong folios, incorrect running-titles, and so on to the end, let us take four pages of this work now before the reader's eyes, the LADIES' REPOSITORY. The four pages before us contain one hundred and forty errors. In correcting these one hundred and forty errors, the compositor is compelled to lift one hundred and forty lines, and the proof-reader has had twice one hundred and forty minutes of worry. A great deal of this labor would have been unnecessary had the author of the "article" included in these pages written his words distinctly, in a plain hand, and been careful in

his punctuation; for we find many other "four pages" that do not contain one-tenth of the errors named, because the writers have written so plainly and intelligently that the printer has had easy work to decipher their MSS.

From this example, the observing reader will understand the difficulty of putting books to press. With all the severe labor, however, of proof-readers, editors, authors, and printers, we may safely venture the assertion that very few books—if any—are published without errors.

Our older readers may well remember the day when every book contained an "Errata" on a fly-leaf at the end, calling attention to some of the more important mistakes in typography and grammar that had escaped the eye of the critical reader while the book was going to press. That was before stereotyping became cheap and common. Now the author or editor can correct his "errata" in the stereotype plates, and go to press with a comparatively "clean book." Yet the era of stereotyping has not entirely brought about the era of perfect typography. Any number of readings of any number of fresh proofs of the most seemingly correct works will fail to reveal all the errors.

Whether such a miracle as an immaculate edition of any author does exist, says one, we have never learned; but an attempt has been made to obtain this glorious singularity, and was as nearly realized as is perhaps possible, in the magnificent edition of "Os Lusíadas" of Camoens, by Don Jose Souza, in 1817. This amateur spared no prodigality of cost and labor, and flattered himself that, by the assistance of Di.ons, not a single typographical error should be found in that splendid volume. But an error was afterward discovered in some of the copies, occasioned by one of the letters in the word *Lusitano* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sheets. It must be confessed that this was an accident or misfortune, rather than an erratum.

The celebrated Foulises, of Glasgow, attempted to publish a work which should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to procure the desired result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page; and after it was thought to be perfect, it was posted up in the hall of the university, with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who discovered an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been posted, before the work was printed; and the printers thought that they had attained the object for which they had been striving. When

the work issued, it was discovered that several errors had been committed, one of which was in the first line of the first page. The Foulises' editions of classical works are still much prized by scholars and collectors.

Let us take another glance at the LADIES' REPOSITORY. Every page of this magazine contains, on an average, about five thousand two hundred and eighty distinct pieces of type, which in a number (eighty pages) amounts to four hundred and twenty-two thousand, the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder! With this fact before us, is it any wonder that errors creep into books? Nay, rather, the rarity of errors ought to be considered as creditable to the typographical fraternity.

I. C. D'Israeli gives us two or three anecdotes on this subject that are well worth preserving in the pages of the REPOSITORY.

In the year 1561 was printed a work entitled, "The Anatomy of the Mass." It is a thin octavo of one hundred and seventy-two pages, and it is accompanied by an "Errata" of fifteen pages! The editor, a pious monk, informs us that a very serious reason induced him to undertake this task; for it is, says he, to *forestall the artifices of Satan*. He supposes that the devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds—the first, before it was printed, by drenching the MS. in a kennel, and having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered several parts illegible; the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never yet equaled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to reperuse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers under the influence of the devil! All this he relates in an advertisement prefixed to the "Errata."

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve, in Genesis iii, 5-16. She took out the two first letters of the word HERR, and substituted NA in their place, thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy LORD" (*Herr*), to "and he shall be thy FOOL" (*narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

There is an edition of the Bible known by the name of "The Vinegar Bible," from the erratum in the head-lines of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the Vine-

yard" is printed "Parable of the *Vinegar*." It was printed in 1717, at the Clarendon press.

One of the most egregious of all literary blunders is that of the edition of the Vulgate, by Sixtus V. His holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and, to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it swarmed with errata! A multitude of scraps were printed, to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of Papal infallibility.

One of the most remarkable complaints on errata is that of Edw. Leigh, appended to his curious treatise "On Religion and Learning." It consists of two folio pages, in a very minute character, and exhibits an incalculable number of printers' blunders. "We have not," he says, "Plantin nor Stephens among us; and it is no easy task to specify the chiefest errata. False interpunctuations there are too many; here a letter wanting, there a letter too much; a syllable too much; one letter for another; words parted where they should be joined; words joined which should be severed; words misplaced; chronological mistakes," etc. This unfortunate folio was printed in 1656. Are we to infer, by such frequent complaint of the authors of that day, that either they did not receive proofs from the printers, or that the printers never attended to the corrected proofs?

Many errors—very many, we think—are made by printers who esteem themselves as wiser than the authors, when, in fact, they are supremely ignorant of the faintest idea of the philosophy of language. If there is any thing of which a compositor or proof-reader should be careful, it is the altering of the language of an intelligent author. It takes an intelligent reader to know an intelligent author; and publishers should have sufficient knowledge of character to employ intelligent men in an intelligent position.

Sometimes, when a proof-reader is strict in following the "copy" of a writer, and admits an error into print, he is told that he ought to have known enough to correct the author's blunder. But the fact is, unless in the very plainest cases, it is not always possible for the best-read proof-reader to tell when an author is blundering in the use of language. He may essay to correct that language which usage does not recognize as legitimate, when the author assails him as an ignoramus. Herbert Croft used to complain of the incorrectness of the English classic, as reprinted by the later book-

sellers. It is evident some stupid printer or proof-reader often changed a whole text intentionally. The fine description by Akenside of the Pantheon, "SEVERELY great," not being understood, was printed "*serenely* great." Swift's own edition of the "City Shower" has "old *ACHES* throb." *Aches* is two syllables, but modern printers, who had lost the right pronunciation, have *aches* as one syllable, and then, to complete the meter, have foisted in "*aches will* throb." Thus what the poet and the linguist wish to preserve is altered, and finally lost.

The publisher, the printer, or the proof-reader, takes the responsibility of thus altering the language of authors, instead of preserving the classic literature in its purity. But the proof-reader is almost invariably some passably intelligent man taken from the printing-office, with a smattering of education in the sciences and classics, mostly received from his reading while at the case, and is unfit for any thing except to find typographical errors and to see that the mechanical system of the books published by his employer is preserved throughout—not a trifling task, by the way. What is wanted in this profession is a *printer* with a classical education and deep reading, combined with nice judgment. We believe, in all honesty, that there ought to be a department in universities for the graduation of proof-readers, if we would preserve the purity of language. A reader, besides his education in the classics, and extensive and varied reading, should also be a master-printer, if he would be a master in this profession. In a version of the Epistles of St. Paul, in the Ethiopic language, which proved to be full of errors, the editors allege the reason: "They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind lead the blind." Showing, you will observe, that a knowledge of the languages and a knowledge of printing should be combined in the making of a master proof-reader.

When the art of printing was established, it became the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their name those of the correctors of the press; and editions were valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

In first-class printing-houses, in the olden times, great pains were taken and no expense was spared to issue perfect books. In glancing over the works printed one or two hundred years ago, we wonder at their accuracy, and in

comparing them with modern works, we are forced to admit that the art of typography has not so greatly advanced as many other arts we could name. We do not think, however, that modern book-publishers work any harder to reach perfection than did those of the old days, who seem to have resorted to any shrewd stratagem to secure excellent and finished editions. Robert Stephens, one of the early printers, who surpassed in correctness those who exercised the same profession, in order to render his books immaculate, hung up the proofs in public places, and generously recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect an errata. Thus he not only brought to bear the wisdom and accuracy of the learned men of his city, that his editions might be free of errors, but he employed every reading man who walked the streets to labor for him. What a crowd such a reward would draw around a proof in this intelligent age and in this Christian country, where every man and boy is a reader!

In the early age of printing, of course, the most learned men were the proof-readers. Still the art of printing was then very rude, and the corrector did not have nearly the labor he has at this time. It was not necessary that he should have so many eyes; as he had not, in his books, so many things to look after. In punctuating, no marks were employed other than the period and colon; an oblique stroke was afterward introduced, and fulfilled the purpose of our comma. Pages had neither running-title nor number. The divisions of words and sentences were very imperfect, and the language was not divided into paragraphs. Capital letters were not used to commence a sentence, nor in proper names. No rules seem to have regulated the orthography, which was entirely without method, and the abbreviations were so numerous as to cause the necessity, in time, of publishing a book with the directions in which they could be read. But one kind of letter was used throughout. This was all very simple.

Now we can not publish a book without running-titles at the tops of each page, sometimes changed to give the subject of the chapter, and sometimes the subject of the page itself, according to the whim or taste of the author. We now have chapter-heads, sub-heads, section-heads, and sub-sub-heads, side, top, hanging-indentation, or heads run into the paragraph, as the case may be,—all in different types. We have a great diversity of points, and marks, and abbreviations, capitals, small capitals, italics, etc. All these are to be systematized, and kept in harmony throughout. We have manuscript as reckless as that of

Rufus Choate, which, according to Daniel Webster, resembled a "gridiron struck by lightning." Very few authors are careful to make a distinction between *u* and *n* or the capitals *J* and *I* in their manuscript, so that in case of unusual words, such as the names of little-known places or persons, the proof-reader is frequently in a dilemma. To be sure, he has his cyclopædias and dictionaries—"kit" frequently furnished by himself—but these do not always bring light out of the darkness. Your compositor and proof-reader will tell you, too, for a wonder, that if there is an unusually obscure and difficult sesquipedal mentioned, the writer of illegible manuscript takes particular pains to twist his letters into the most tortuous shapes, in order to throw a more labyrinthine web of doubt and confusion about the word,—something worse than a Gordian knot, it can neither be untied nor cut. If we could speak, through the REPOSITORY, to the two millions of writers for the press on our globe—and we can speak to a large portion of them—we would say, Write your names of places and persons so distinctly that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein. It will save a great deal of hard feeling, we assure you; and help to make better Christians out of that feeble sort of printers who can not bear martyrdom, however slight, in howsoever good a cause.

The peculiar fact may be stated, in this connection, that writers for the press are generally less careful in their chirography than writers of private letters. In writing for the press, they have the public before their eyes—they feel that they are standing in its illustrious presence—while in epistolary writing they have only the individual before them. In the first case, they are inspired to say their best things, regardless of the medium; in the second, the medium of communication is uppermost in their minds, while the thought and mode of expression are subordinate, though they bear a sufficiently imposing position. The public is a myriad-souled Being, which may be influenced by lofty ideas clothed in eloquent and sublime language. The individual is a prosaic fellow, who criticises the mechanical execution of your letter, and laughs at any high-flown or brilliant sentences. In the one case, the writer exercises his mind mechanically; in the other, he is carried away on the wings of his fancy. But why should not authors get into the *habit* of writing correctly for the press? It might save many a ludicrous error in the published editions of their smoothly flowing discourses.

It has been said that men of poetical and nervous temperament are negligent in the mere

mechanical part of their labors—sometimes remarkably so. There is the case of Rufus Choate, whom we have mentioned, a man distinguished for his fluency of speech; an orator, in his day, of wonderfully persuasive power. Horace Greeley, we are told, writes an execrable hand, so that it is necessary, in the New York *Tribune* office, to educate compositors in his chirography, and only this class can "set up" the great philosopher's philosophizings on politics, agriculture, and social questions. Byron's handwriting was a miserable scrawl. We have seen a fac-simile proof-slip from Murray's office that contains as many marginal corrections as the worst in our American printing-offices. His published works have not to this day been weeded of errata, that are passing (we may say) into classical recognition. Admirers of Byron even defend them, asserting that they are correct, and just what the noble poet intended. Instance the lines:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry."

"*There*" should be "*then*," as both the rhyme and the sense will show. And another error comes to mind:

"Deep in the *upruned* forest:"

instead of "*unpruned*." Many such errata might be pointed out.

On the other hand, there are men of poetical reputation whose chirography is distinct, clean, and often elegant; and men of practical minds who write as badly as Choate or Greeley. The manuscripts of Burns and the Brownings were preferred by printers to large letter-press. Bryant writes distinctly. Edgar Poe's handwriting would have taken a prize for elegance; and who more nervous and poetical than he? G. M. D. Bloss, the noted election statistician of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—whose figures wring victory from the grimmest jaws of defeat, and who has n't a particle of poetry in his nature—writes the worst "hand" we ever saw. Even the "gridiron struck by lightning" is calligraphy in comparison. Special type-setters, who have become used to the erratic wriggings of his pen, are employed on his manuscripts; and after an absence of a few months, this class are under the necessity of a few days' study to renew their acquaintance with it. Mr. B. can, however, write plainly—as can all writers of this class—when he tries to do so. His friends read his friendly letters without trouble.

In the few facts we have stated, the public may see what a corrector for the press has to contend against. His situation is indeed a responsible and difficult one. It admits of no

carelessness or negligence. His two eyes must be sleepless and vigilant. If he had as many as that well-known character, Argus—who was spangled with them, like a peacock's feathers—he would have need of every one in his multifarious lookout; and even then something would escape, which, if not discovered by the public, would soon be picked out by the writer in whose article it occurred, to the annoyance of all concerned.

In concluding: we have observed that the "foulest proofs" made by compositors are from manuscripts written carelessly, with pale ink, or with a lead-pencil. The lead-pencil manuscript, however carefully and distinctly written, will gradually become pale and unreadable in passing through the hands of author and editors; so that by the time it reaches the compositors and proof-readers, it has arrived at the last stage of illegibility. Pray you, writers for the press, avoid these faults, if you have human sympathy.

ROUND DANCES.

WHAT glaring inconsistency is there manifested in the toleration at one time of a posture which, under any other circumstances, would blast a reputation! No pure woman would suffer a man to retain her hand in his, much less to encircle her with his arm, in the ordinary relations of social life; and yet, at the bidding of fashion, and because the additional stimulus of music is superadded, she will not only permit those liberties, but will remain willingly strained to his breast for a quarter of an hour at a time, publicly exhibiting herself in a position which in itself she virtuously condemns. Favors, which would properly be denied to the most respectable of her acquaintances off the dancing-floor, are there accorded freely even to a notorious libertine; for no guarantee is required from those to whom fashion intrusts the person of her female devotees further than proficiency in art. Many a young girl, who intuitively shrinks from the endearments innocently proffered by her lover, unthinkingly subjects herself to the contaminating embrace and irreverent comment of debauched wittings, whose every thought is a concealed insult. Not that we imply a sweeping censure upon the male portion of the community; for many—perhaps most—are gentlemen, and incapable of harboring an idea repugnant to female purity. But in so composite a society as ours, some evil characters are inevitably introduced; and their contact with virtuous women is almost a sacrilege.



HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

It was the Winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music, as 't is said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony!

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphant arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He paused, for nought
Told what was going on within!
How keen the stars! his only thought:
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals around, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

THE bells of Time ring out the chime
Of merry Christmas greeting;
And o'er the hearth, in joyous mirth,
All hearts with love are beating.
In heaven afar, the blessed star
Of Bethlehem shines o'er us,
And once again "Good-will to men"
Floats from the angel chorus.

WATCHING HIS CHANCES.

THE sun had nearly reached meridian, and ever since its rays first peeped over the pine-woods on that Spring morning, Jacob Farley had faithfully followed his equally faithful horses, plowing the meadow lot. It was hard work, to be sure; for the lot had been in pasture for a considerable time; the sod was tough, while Mr. Farley was not. On the contrary, he was a small, dapper figure, whose specific gravity was not sufficient to overcome the resisting power of divers stumps and roots with which the plow frequently came in contact; and in consequence Mr. Farley was overturned bodily several times. Losing his bodily equilibrium had a tendency to make him lose his mental equilibrium as well.

In fact, at the time of introduction, Mr. Farley was not in the most amiable frame of mind; and he was dissatisfied not only with the meadow lot, but with his own *lot* in life. He had no great reason to be so. From where he was, his vision took in the broad acres of cleared land, acres more, covered with timber, with soil fertile and well watered; while, a quarter of a mile away, surrounded with numerous out-buildings, and almost hidden in the foliage of the extensive orchard, stood the large, spacious farmhouse, owned and occupied by his father and grandfather before him. All this was his; and the county records showed no mortgage or incumbrance against it. He was a respected and prominent man in the community, a deacon in the Church up at the village; in fact, every way was a well-to-do farmer, in comfortable circumstances.

And yet Mr. Farley was dissatisfied! He had heard of men who had made fortunes in a single day's speculating in stocks; who had made inventions, and were now living in ease and luxury in consequence; of others who, by some lucky stroke, had achieved wealth and the ability to live without work. Of all this had Mr. Farley heard; and as the iron of his plow entered the soil, so did the iron of discontent enter his soul. Why should he plod on year after year, while others with less ability than himself had solved the question, "How to get rich?" at one leap? Ay, why should he? Thus he meditated; and the more he meditated, the more unhappy he became. We are afraid Mr. Farley had the *blues*, or, it being Spring-time, he was seriously threatened with an attack of jaundice. Every thing was distorted, or went wrong, to his mental vision. Even the horses must have felt their master's discontent; for the sharp, petulant "gee," and "haw," were often accompanied with severe blows, until those usually

steady animals must, if horses are able to do so, have felt as unamiable as their master; and with more reason too.

Lost in his reflections, and "chewing the cud of bitter fancy," Mr. Farley plowed onward for a few minutes with automatical precision. His thoughts, however, were soon broken by a snort of terror from his horses, followed instantly by their breaking into a wild, frightened gallop across the field. Mr. Farley at once discovered the cause. A small colony of "yellow-jackets," a species of wasp, had been unearthed by the plow, who, feeling their right of *eminent domain* had been invaded, showed proper resentment. May be they sympathized with Mr. Farley in his "making haste to be rich," for they certainly greatly accelerated his speed. He hung on well to the plow though, his short legs being almost horizontal from the astonishing strides he was taking, his hat off, and his thin hair standing out, each individual hair a signal of distress. But Mr. Farley was plucky. His clinched teeth and knotted eyebrows showed that he meant business; so did the "yellow-jackets." They seemed to *feel* for him in his trouble, and did not neglect either him or his horses. Mr. Farley was deeply *touched* by their attentions; in fact, greatly *moved*. He moved rather faster than he liked. He drove his plow deep in the soil, in hope of stopping the frightened animals; but the hope was a vain one. As an experiment of quick plowing, his was a success, though not recommended by agricultural sages.

On rushed the horses, with Mr. Farley still holding the plow with all the tenacity of molasses candy. He felt that something must soon turn up, and most likely it would be he. He always turned up in experiments of this kind; and probably the same cause would produce the same results; and they did.

At the lower part of the meadow was a deep-flowing stream or creek. As the runaways came to this place, they made a sudden turn, the plow struck a stump (why should that stump be at that particular point? Mr. Farley afterward thought), and a gentleman about forty years of age, five feet in height, thin hair and whiskers, went over into the creek, and was duly immersed in its waters. As this ought-to-be-cool gentleman—who was not as cool as he ought to be—arose, streaming and bewildered, he decided, after some deliberation, that his name was Jacob Farley, and the more he reflected, the firmer his conviction became that Jacob Farley was a deeply aggrieved man.

"Confound—blame—hang such luck, any how!"

After the utterance of this horrible imprec-

tion, Mr. Farley felt relieved; though he glanced around with a startled look, as he remembered he was a deacon, and there might be some possible listener or looker-on, who might not view his disaster as sufficient aggravation for such language. But he discovered no one; and he scrambled up the bank as best he could, to search for his horses. He found them in another part of the field, detached from the plow, having released themselves at the same time their owner took his involuntary bath. Mr. Farley felt in no mood for further work; so, gathering his hat, plow, and horses, he started homeward, a saddler and wetter man, just as the horn sounded for dinner.

Mrs. Farley received her lord pleasantly, and proceeded about the dinner, which she had prepared with especial consideration for his liking, and had prepared with a purpose. She had a request to make; but, observing his clouded face and soaked clothing, like a good general as she was, refrained from making it until the clothing was changed, and the dinner had established more friendly relations between his mental and physical being. Mr. Farley certainly did feel better; and, as he laid aside his knife and fork, his wife, who had been watching him, said:

"Jacob!"

"Well?"

"Matilda and I want to go to the city this afternoon."

"Well, I've no objections, as I know of."

"But we want you to take us in the wagon. You see we're going to have the sewing society here next week, and we want some new dishes, a new carpet, and some other things." As she made the request, Mrs. Farley gave a look of anxious keenness at her husband.

The old cloud began to gather again over Mr. Farley's face.

"Seems to me you're always wantin' somethin'," he said, tapping the table ominously with the handle of his fork.

Now, Mrs. Farley had not lived a score of years with her husband to be so easily disconcerted. She understood her man, and proceeded to argue the matter. She represented that he was a prominent man in the community; that a well-set table and well-furnished house had much to do with a man's standing and financial credit among his fellow-men; that credit was the next thing to money; that his social position and eminence among his fellow-men required this of him, as the head of the family; and that society looked to him for an example, etc. These women know how to manage things.

Mr. Farley listened, and as he listened his

objections began to vanish. "Financial credit" and "social position" sounded well too; they were somewhat in consonance with his meditations of the morning. Appearances had a great deal to do with a man's fortunes, he thought; and who could tell what a little judicious money-spending might bring forth? Perhaps, in his visit to the city, he might stumble on the very fortune, the sudden riches, he longed for? Why not he as well as others? Not that any remark of Mrs. Farley's could influence him. O, no! *He* was the head of the family, and had always ruled just as he wanted to—just as his wife wanted him to, Mrs. Farley smilingly thought. Many men besides Mr. Farley think of themselves as the *lord*, and of their wives as dependent, obeying creatures. "The head of the woman is the man," the good Book says. True enough, he may be *the* head, but he seldom comes out *ahead*. Mr. Farley did n't, though he thought he did. Mr. Farley graciously decreed that the city should be visited by his wife, daughter, and self, and his own and the family honor duly propped up by the purchase of carpet and dishes; and, may be, himself forever delivered from the plodding toil of a farmer's life.

Barney M'Quaide, Mr. Farley's hired man, was accordingly directed to assume control of the plow, and wage war upon the meadow lot and "yellow-jackets" for the afternoon, while Mr. Farley and Mr. Farley's family started cityward in a light wagon. We shall not attempt to tell of their journey thither, as we were not with them in the wagon at the time. Neither shall we describe the beauties of nature they saw by the way, from the simple reason that we are in profound ignorance what those beauties were. We hope, however, those of our readers who are acquainted with the facts, will not withhold them from the world; but supply these important items—these missing links, as it were, from an otherwise authentic narrative. But this we know, that our friends reached the city—in the wagon. This can be relied on as a fact, even if some skeptic should assert it was not found in the "original Greek."

Mr. Farley placed his team under the protection of a friendly landlord, started out his wife and daughter for a few hours' shopping, and then started himself in search of the "chances" he had dreamed of. "Fortune favors the brave," it is said; and Mr. Farley must have been a very courageous man, as he was "favored" directly. He had gone but a few rods when one of those industrious small boys found in every city thrust a circular into his hand.

Mr. Farley accepted the document, and calmly seated himself on the marble steps of one of those stately mansions whose proud inmates, dressed in their silks and satins, know nothing of the "short and simple annals of the poor;" whose—however, let the mansions go; it is Mr. Farley we are discussing at this time. He placed his tall, old-fashioned white hat carefully upon the steps beside him, searched a moment through the mazes of a bandana handkerchief contained therein, extracting finally a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. With the aid of these, and with great deliberation and moving of lips, he perused the circular. It was as follows:

THE MOST ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY OF THE AGE! SMITH'S WASHING-MACHINE! The only Hydraulic, Double-acting, Thorough-cleansing, Soap-sparing Washing-machine in the world. Ten thousand dollars offered for its superior! **Read** opinions of press and individuals, and judge for yourselves!

"Best machine to remove dirt—we need one."—*Police Bum-mer*. "Works well with a *vox humana* attachment."—*Musical Melodeon*. "Washes deep, and turns out a subsoil that will be useful on garden-truck."—*Rural Trombone*. "It niver was aquiled by none."—*Hon. Dennis O'Flaherty*. "It beats the Dutch."—*Hon. Hans Van Ritter*. "We water our stock with it."—*Railroad Farmer*.

This great and wonderful invention is now offered to the world for the first time. Mr. Smith, its accomplished and gentlemanly proprietor, yielding to the urgent entreaties of a number of leading men of the country, has consented to establish a limited number of agencies, either to purchase State or county rights and manufacture the machine, or sell them on commission. He may be found at the Juniper House, 207 Mulligan Street. No such business chance was ever offered to the public before. Remember—agents limited.

As Mr. Farley reached the end of this remarkable document, he deliberately wiped his spectacles with the bandana, and then read it again.

"Who knows but this is the very chance I'm huntin' after," he thought. "Agents limited, too! I reckon I'd better see about it right away."

In accordance with this determination, Mr. Farley set forth in search of the Juniper House. His inquiries were not immediately successful, as the location of the Juniper House seemed not to be widely known. Indeed, it was situated on a back street, and was by no means a first-class hotel. As Mr. Farley approached, and his eyes rested upon a long, rambling building, with numerous filthy surroundings, with low, misshapen doors, and windows remarkable for their awry setting, he was somewhat surprised. He had expected an imposing building, with massive marble front, magnificent stone steps leading into its splendidly embellished and decorated interior—such a hotel as the "accomplished Mr. Smith," so well known to the "leading men of the country," would be likely to occupy. Here was nothing of the kind.

There was no trouble in finding Mr. Smith, however, as that gentleman was stationed with his machine near the curb-stone, and was talking with great volubility to a small crowd of loungers, who, from their general seediness and lack of cleanliness, stood greatly in need of an instrument of the kind. He was a puffy, red-faced, red-vested, watch-chained individual—was Mr. Smith—and he spoke with a power of oratory that would have melted the pocket-books of his audience, if they had any, which they probably had not. Mr. Farley thought they did not look like "leading men;" and Mr. Farley was right. They were not. We make this statement to remove misapprehension from the mind of the reader.

Our friend watched the working of the machine for a few minutes, and saw sundry pieces of dry cloth pass through the rollers and come out wetter than when they went in. Whether they were made clean or not, he could not tell; but the machine itself captured his eye. Such a multiplicity of rollers, cogs, big and little wheels, working in such admirable harmony, "must be good for something," Mr. Farley thought. He knew nothing of mechanics; but then the press generally praised it, and did not two honorables do the same? What more could he require? He drew near, and asked Mr. Smith as to the merits of the machine; and then inquired if he was in time to secure an agency—"that is, of course, if I conclude to take one," he added, thinking, he must not appear too anxious.

Mr. Smith, foreseeing a probable customer, stopped his harangue, and entered into a minute description of all the complicated cogs, wheels, rollers, etc., explaining their various offices and uses; to all of which Mr. Farley listened, uttering, "Yes, sir," as he thought occasion demanded. Mr. Smith went on to tell of its "vast superiority over other machines—spurious machines, foisted upon a credulous public by designing men."

"Why, sir," he went on, "I have just returned from Washington City, where I have sold hundreds upon hundreds of my machines to the citizens, from the President down. My sales were immense, sir, *immense!* Why, the day before I left Washington, the President came to my hotel, and says he, 'Smith, you're a public benefactor—you really are!' 'How so?' says I. 'Why, on account of that machine. I would as quick part with my Bible as with my Smith's Washing-machine,' says he. And so it was with hundreds of others. Why, I've got at home a trunk full of letters from senators, representatives, foreign ambassadors, and others,

indorsing my invention in the most flattering terms, sir! Yes, sir!"

"Are your agencies all filled?" asked Mr. Farley, much impressed.

"Come in; I will talk with you inside. John, give us something warm," he said to the bar-keeper, as he and Mr. Farley entered and seated themselves at a table in a corner of the room.

"Thank you, I do n't drink," said Mr. Farley.

"Two cigars, then, John."

Mr. Farley accepted a cheap cigar, and smoked away, awaiting such disclosures as Mr. Smith might see fit to make.

"You see," said Mr. Smith, drawing his chair close to Mr. Farley and speaking low, "you see I have partly promised the agency for this region to another; but I see at once you're a man of fine business ability, and also of high standing in the community."

Mr. Smith paused to see if this "pill" would be swallowed. It was, and Mr. Farley bowed in proud acquiescence.

"Well, I will put the other man off some way, and give you the agency. And let me say, my man, your fortune is made" (giving Mr. Farley a congratulatory slap on the back), "for the sale of that machine is staple as flour—staple as flour, sir!" (Another slap.)

After some further conference, Mr. Farley signed a contract, agreeing to purchase six machines at fifteen dollars each, to be retailed by him at twenty-five dollars; the machines to be at the Juniper House in one month from date. In case of no sales, Mr. Smith kindly promised to take back the machines, and return the money.

Highly elated, and already feeling prospectively rich, Mr. Farley walked away in search of his wife and daughter. He found those ladies had made their purchases, and were ready to go home. In answer to inquiry as to cost and quality of articles purchased, Mrs. Farley rather tremulously made reply; and was greatly surprised by her husband remarking, "If I had been buyin', I would n't have got such cheap things."

During the time intervening, Mr. Farley busied himself in placing his affairs in order, so as to admit of a short absence. He also, with an eye to his oratorical deficiencies, endeavored to construct a suitable speech after the most approved models; and when he visited the city, embraced every opportunity of listening to the chaste and elegant language of patent vendors, as they impressed the intellect of their hearers with the value of their wares. By dint of practice, Mr. Farley at length believed himself proficient. Every-where—following the plow, feed-

ing the horses, milking the cows—he sold an amazing number of imaginary machines, to an amazing number of imaginary people. The more he reflected, the greater his probable profits became, and he had serious thoughts of ordering another half-dozen of the machines forthwith. Mrs. Farley, however, walked more by sight than she did by faith on the new project, and she put forth all her tactics, dissuading him from purchasing more. Time lay heavily on Mr. Farley's hands. The month seemed to pass slowly, and Mrs. Farley noticed his frequent examinations of the almanac, and guessed the impatience he ill concealed. "Poor man!" she said, with a sigh of incredulity, "he'll find out soon enough he hain't the knack of sellin' washin'-machines." But no word of this did she utter to Mr. Farley; that would have been useless.

The month came to an end at last, as all months do; and on a beautiful morning, the light wagon, containing Mr. Farley and the six washing-machines, set forth on its errand of fortune-making. A distant city, where he was unknown, had been selected as the place to make his *début*, and about noon he entered its suburbs. After dining at a hotel, he drove down a long, quiet street, lined with fine residences, with the view of selling his machines from house to house. Stopping his wagon in front of one of the finest, he rang the door-bell. His call was answered by a spruce-looking colored boy.

"How d'ye do, sonny? Is your mam at home?"

"Sah?"

"It's the lady of the house, mebbe. Tell her that the agent of Smith's onparalleled washin'-machine wants to see her."

The boy turned, hesitated a moment, then, bewildered by Mr. Farley's announcement, again questioned,

"Sah?"

Mr. Farley rendered his request as plain as possible, and the sable youth disappeared to give the message. He soon returned.

"Missus says she's done gone from home, and do n't want to see no peddlers nohow, an' when ye comes agin to come round to de kitchen-do'."

Mr. Farley felt very indignant at this unexpected and disrespectful treatment. "'Go to the kitchen-door?' I'll see 'em hanged first," he muttered, as the door closed with a sharp clang, and his short legs jerked him away with nervous quickness of smothered wrath. All along, at every door, he tried, and tried in vain. Generally he met with polite refusal, sometimes with

rude rebuff; and one pert servant girl informed him that he was a humbug, and he had better work for a living; but nowhere could he obtain permission to exhibit the workings of his machine or display its merits. Disgusted with repeated failures, Mr. Farley determined to leave the aristocratic quarter and visit a less pretentious part of the city.

"Consarn these rich folks, anyhow!" he soliloquized as he drove along. "If I'd come in with butter an' eggs an' such truck, they'd treated me well enough; but with these machines they seem to think I'm a swindlin' peddler. Wish I had 'em all sold," he added, with a half-formed desire to be well out of the business—a desire he did not as yet like to acknowledge, even to himself.

It was plain Mr. Farley was becoming discouraged. He felt humiliated, too, at the treatment he had received, and began to view his new business as not being a very creditable one; at least it did not seem to be considered so by the families he had visited. He drove through the outskirts of town, where the houses were small and thinly scattered, for some time, before his pride would allow him to make another attempt. But it was getting late, and he concluded to try once more. Accordingly he stopped in front of a small house, where he saw a stout-looking woman bustling out and in.

"I've called to see if I can't sell you one of Smith's celebrated washin'-machines," Mr. Farley politely remarked.

"Well, then, you can't. I'm bothered to death with peddlers," was the curt reply.

Mr. Farley was about turning away, when the thought that "faint heart never won fair lady"—though, indeed, this lady was not very fair—caused him to make another venture.

"If you have any washin', I'd like to show you how it works," he said.

The woman paused a moment irresolute. The fact was, she expected company on the following day, and was greatly hurried in her preparations. Considerable washing had to be done, and the thought struck her that here was the chance to have it speedily accomplished. Mr. Farley was accordingly given leave to bring his machine in, and try his skill upon a batch of soiled linen brought for his use.

With the aid of a stout boy, a machine was placed in position on the floor of the little kitchen, soap and hot water furnished; then, with sleeves rolled up, Mr. Farley fell to work. Believing the success of his enterprise at stake, he labored indefatigably, washing a number of pieces, while the steam from the boiling suds settled down in great drops on his bald head

and face, already red and perspiring from unusual effort. The woman stood by, watching his operations, handing him piece after piece, until the poor little man, tired and nervous, saw no intermission while a solitary article remained unwashed.

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," it is said, and the woman's hope of a completed washing, and our friend's fear of such an event, both came to a speedy termination. At length a large table-cloth was given to Mr. Farley, and, by some means, through his nervousness, it became entangled in a great wad among the rollers, stopping the machine entirely. In his hurried, excited efforts to remove the obstruction, he unluckily gave too strong a pull. A rending, tearing sound followed, and before Mr. Farley could prevent, the cloth was torn nearly in twain. With wrathful countenance the woman started toward the offender; and Mr. Farley, foreseeing danger, hastily retreated behind the machine, when—how he never understood—that celebrated invention suddenly left its upright position and reclined sideways upon the floor, flooding the little kitchen with a mass of steaming, dirty water.

"Put yourself in his place." An ominous silence ensued, instantly followed by such a storm of expletives, that the innocent object of wrath bowed his head before it in stunned, speechless bewilderment. No room for apology was given, and, indeed, the poor man was unable to apologize, if he would. He stood, pallid and dumb, with the filthy suds oozing out and down from his soaked clothing.

"Now," concluded the enraged female, "now, you wuthless, good-for-nothin' peddler, you! I ought to have known better than let ye come in; you jist take yer merchine now, an' git!" and an index finger pointed toward the door, with a gesture too imperative to be resisted.

The stout boy, who seemed to enjoy the affair hugely, took compassion on our friend, and kindly assisted to replace the machine in the wagon. Mr. Farley thanked him as well as he was able, then drove back to the hotel where he had taken dinner. The landlord noticed his wet condition as he entered, and asked if he had been caught in a storm.

"Yes," replied Mr. Farley, with bitter emphasis, overcome for the moment by the memory of his recent experience, "yes; I never seen such a storm before. If I was mayor of this town, I'd sew that woman up in a sack, and duck her in the river, for a common scold."

The landlord looked surprised at this strange remark; but a customer coming in prevented

further inquiries, and he presently forgot the matter. Mr. Farley ate his supper that evening in silence, and retired to bed early. For a long time he lay, unable to sleep, mortified and resentful at the result of the day's effort. Should he give it up, and acknowledge his new business a failure? He felt inclined to do so; but what would his wife, what would the world say? His pride rebelled at the idea; yet he felt that he could not, and would not, submit again to humiliation and insult. His teeth gritted, and his hands clinched, in impotent wrath at the remembrance. What should he do? At last a ray of light entered his mind. He recollected that Mr. Smith traveled not from house to house, but sold the machines at the hotel; and why should n't he? He would meet with men. "Men understood business, and would at least treat the matter with respect," Mr. Farley argued. The more he pondered, the better he liked the idea, and his spirits rose accordingly. He would make one more effort on the morrow, and if he failed, why, then—and Mr. Farley slept the sleep of the just.

After breakfast, the following morning, Mr. Farley carried his plan into effect. He placed a machine on the sidewalk, and began working it, with the hope of attracting the attention of passers-by. He labored at a disadvantage, however, as an itinerant pill-vender had established himself half a square away, who, with his absurd dress, accordion, and powerful voice, proved such a source of attraction that our little friend was unable to secure a single auditor. Mr. Farley inwardly resolved that pill-venders were a nuisance that ought to be abated; yet he possessed his soul in patience, and kept on, hoping almost against hope. Occasionally some one would stop and examine the machine, and Mr. Farley's spirits would rise for the moment, only to sink again, as he found curiosity alone had prompted the examination. Two hours were spent in this manner, and at last the pill-vender seemed to have exhausted his stock, as his voice and music ceased, and the large crowd that surrounded him surged over in a body to Mr. Farley. Visions of speedy sales rose before our friend's mind as they gathered about him; and bethinking him of the speech he had prepared, he mounted a large box to deliver it. Unfortunate man! Had he been versed in crowds, he would not have attempted it.

"I have the honor, gentlemen," he began, "to appear before you with a wonderful invention. Though it has been truly said 'there is nothing new under the sun,' yet this is emphatically an age of invention. We see it in our railroads, our telegraphs, our—"

"What ye got there?" interrupted a burly individual, pushing his way through the crowd.

"Smith's celebrated washin'-machine," Mr. Farley politely explained, pausing in his speech.

"Humph! washin' humbug!" and the burly individual pushed his way out again.

"As I have already said," continued Mr. Farley, addressing the crowd once more, "there's nothing new under the sun; yet this is emphatically an age of invention. We see it—"

"All in yer eye. Ye can't see it."

Mr. Farley stopped at once, astounded at this statement, and looked round to see who had made the remark. In the countenance of none could he discover the author, as all were laughing heartily. A diminutive boot-black near his feet looked up demurely:

"Black yer boots, mister? shine 'em up?"

"No," answered Mr. Farley, petulantly. "Go 'way; I do n't want to be bothered. As I have already said, gentleman, this is—go 'way, boy; did n't I tell ye that I did n't want my boots blacked?—this is an age of invention. There is nothing new under—"

"O bless yer, Villiam, d' yer hear that?" said a little English coal-heaver, addressing a companion, and withdrawing a short pipe from his mouth. "The old cove says as how there's nuthin' new. That speech o' his'n baint new nor nuthin'—O no!"

"Shet up," answered "Villiam," gruffly. "Do n't yer see as how the little un has got such a vindy speech on his stomach that he'll hexplode if he do n't git rid on't."

A general laugh followed these cultivated remarks, and Mr. Farley was obliged to stop again.

"Give us a song," shouted a voice.

"Dance a jig," echoed another.

"Does yer mother know ye'r out?" yelled the boot-black.

Mr. Farley stood wiping a profuse perspiration from his face, sorely perplexed what to do. He now saw that no machine could be sold to that crowd, at least; that they had gathered expecting to be amused with harlequin performances, similar to those used by the pill-vender, and being disappointed, had determined to amuse themselves at his expense.

"I hope, gentlemen," began Mr. Farley again, improving a momentary silence, "I hope, gentlemen—"

"Vell, did I hever!" exclaimed the coal-heaver, rolling up his eyes in mock surprise. "Villiam, the sweet little cove says as how you and me is gentlemen."

"Begorra' an' he's badly deluthered thin," commented an Irishman, standing near by.

This sally turned the laugh on the coal-heaver. He retorted, and a series of rude jests were freely bandied about by the crowd, without regard to whom or where they hit. Then "Villiam" pushed the coal-heaver against the Irishman; and such a jostling and pushing ensued that our poor little friend and his machine were nearly overturned. Fortunately, however, a policeman, attracted by the merriment, drew near, and elbowed his way to the center of the crowd, who became suddenly quiet at his approach.

"What's up?" he demanded.

No one answered.

"Be you makin' a disturbance here?" he asked, eying Mr. Farley with so much fierceness that the poor man almost wilted.

Mr. Farley mildly protested he was not, and also stated what had taken place.

"Do my heyes deceive me!" exclaimed the coal-heaver, in seeming incredulity, "vot a hextra little 'umbug he is—hain't he?"

The policeman, feeling that his dignity was being trifled with, turned savagely to the last speaker.

"Look 'ere," he said, "if you do n't keep low down, I'll walk you off with me, sir."

Under this threat, the coal-heaver concluded he had business elsewhere, and sank out of sight in the crowd.

"Now, Mister What's-ye-name," continued the policeman, addressing Mr. Farley in a condescending way, "you can keep on sellin' your machines so's you behave yourself, an' so's you've got a license."

"A license?" echoed Mr. Farley.

"Yes; a license from the mayor. If you hain't got one, you'll have to quit sellin' till you do."

"How much is the license?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

Mr. Farley's resolve was taken.

"I'll attend to it," he said, and stepped down from the box and entered the hotel, leaving the crowd to disperse slowly in search of some other attraction or amusement.

And Mr. Farley did "attend to it." He paid his hotel bill, had his wagon brought out and the machine placed in it; then he mounted the seat, seized the reins, and drove rapidly out of the city. Late that afternoon, his horses, covered with sweat and foam, stopped in front of the Juniper House, and, with a step indicating firm resolve, Mr. Farley entered the bar-room.

"Where'll I find Mr. Smith?" he asked of the proprietor.

"He's not in," the landlord answered. And then catching sight of the wagon and machines

at the door, he added, "Be you Mr. Smith's agent?"

"Yes. I want him to take back the trumpery he sold me; he said he would. Where is he?"

A peculiar grin spread over the landlord's face.

"Well," he said, "mebbe you do n't know it; but Smith has cut it, leavin' several little bills round town that he forgot to pay afore he went. I've got considerable of a board-bill agin him; but, as you're his agent, mebbe you'll—"

Mr. Farley waited to hear no more. The "last feather" was sufficient; and he got into his wagon and drove slowly home. Mrs. Farley welcomed him as though his failure had been a success. She was not disappointed, if Mr. Farley was. She felt, though she did not express it in words, that his experience had taught him a lesson that she could not, a lesson he would not soon forget.

And it did. Mr. Farley returned to his farm thoroughly cured. No matter how others might succeed, he was content that in following his legitimate business alone could he prosper, and merit and receive the esteem of his fellow-men. He had learned to honor the work God had given him to do, and to let that work honor him by its faithful performance. He had realized the force of Solomon's words: "He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread; but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding."

OUT OF THE HIGHWAYS IN THE FATHER-LAND.

NUMBER THREE.

CASTLES WEIBERTREUE AND WEINSBERG.

IN company with three friends, I started from Heilbronn on an October morning, in the midst of vintage season, to visit the Castle of Weibertreue, or Woman's Fidelity. The cars soon entered a tunnel, and then they slackened pace very perceptibly. I saw that the tunnel was lighted in some places, and that its arching was supported by an immense number of beams and pillars. On asking why this was, I was told, in the most complacent manner, that the tunnel had been looked upon for some time with great suspicion, and that a caving-in would not be a surprise at any time.

On emerging from it into daylight again, we entered upon a valley of great beauty. The town of Weinsberg was at our left, and rising up above it in queenly glory was a magnificent vine-clad hill, which is crowned with the still wall-girt ruins of the Weibertreue Castle. We were received at the station by a good Suabian

of the town, who was expecting us. We threaded street after street of the curious place, and finally reached his home, in a quaint old dwelling. Soon a lunch was spread for us; and, as we sat and regaled ourselves, our host entertained us with the story of the historical town, and its still more historical castle. I have since found his narrative substantially confirmed by the most reliable authorities on Suabian history.

The history of the castle is really that of the town itself. For in the former lived the ruler (or his representative) of the latter; and his fate of course decided that of the men, women, and children in the humble dwellings below his castle. The town was originally a Roman colony, and there is evidence, though doubted by some, that it dates from the Roman Emperor Probus, A. D. 282. It is said that after the Allemanni (whose land had been incorporated with that of the Franks) were conquered by the Frank king, Chlodwig, near the end of the fifth century—the year 496—much land, in private hands, was declared imperial property, and was given away by the Frank kings to Frankish or Allemannish grandees. From this time forth, the Christian religion made great headway; and the more progress it made, the more did the inhabitants acquire security of home. The castle on the Weinsberg was built either during the Frankish occupancy, from 536 to 748, or soon afterward, under the dominion of the Carolingians, from 748 to 917. It must have been in the possession of a baronial family, judging from the Book of Privileges of the city of Weinsberg of the year 1468. According to other sources, the city of Weinsberg is said to have become a part of the see of the Bishop of Würzburg, and was the head of the chapter in the ninth century.

From the year 945, the knights of Weinsberg took an important part in the German and Swedish wars, and in the great Continental tournaments. They were prominent figures for several centuries. On the fields around Weinsberg, now clad with vineyards, occurred that great conflict between Count Guelph of Altorf—the guardian of Henry, the Lion of Brunswick—and Conrad III, of Hohenstaufen. The prize at stake was the possession of the estate of Weinsberg; and the Hohenstaufen was successful. The contest was bitter, hand-to-hand, and long hung in the balance. All at once the cry burst forth from the contending forces, "Strike for the Guelphs!" "Strike for the Ghibellines!" a war-cry which resounded through all Italy and Germany, and was heard for full four hundred years, until the two great parties self-exhausted, disappeared before a current of greater interest. The whole

of Europe was drawn into the vortex, and divided into friends and foes, the question of partisanship with one or the other often changing the fate of nations. Rienzi, of Rome, around whose strange life Bulwer weaves one of his best romances, was a stout warrior of the Guelphs, and did much to revive their prestige. Everywhere the Guelphs represented public liberty, while the Ghibellines were the exponents of personal power. In Germany, the Guelphs were the advocates of the rights of the minor princes and knights against the despotism of the emperors, who were upheld by the Ghibellines. George IV, the late King of Hanover, whose kingdom was absorbed by Prussia in the war of 1866, is a Guelph, and boasts proudly of his pedigree. Queen Victoria, of England, through her connection with the House of Brunswick, traces her ancestry back to Queen Kunegunde, a Guelphic princess.

After a hearty lunch at our Suabian host's board, we started for the ruined castle, overlooking the town of Weinsberg and the broad and charming vale. On our way, we came to a beautiful house with back-lying grounds, and, across the street from it, a monumental bust of its former proprietor, Andreas Justinus Kœrner, the celebrated Suabian poet and prose writer. To him, more than any one else, the castle on the hill, at whose foot he lived and wrote, owes the great labor that has of late years been taken to beautify the grounds, and endear it and its story to all Germans. Kœrner wrote several excellent poetical works; was a friend and fellow-laborer with Uhland; and, by his earnest songs and hymns, touched many a chord in the German heart. His taste and education as a physician led him to study closely the human organism, while his strongly poetical temperament induced him to give a fanciful interpretation to many of its distinctive features. He was a firm believer in demonology in our days, as is plainly proved by his "History of two Somnambulists," his "History of the Possession of Devils in Modern Times," and especially by his masterpiece, "The Prophetess of Prevost." I can find in no sketch of his life a confirmation of the account given by his fellow-townsmen, our host and friend in Weinsberg, that he professed to have communion with spirits, *à la Swedenborg*, and that the picturesque old tower in the rear of his house was the scene of his preternatural conferences.

By a narrow way, with a Norman hedge on either side, we ascended the hill on which the Weibertreue Castle stands. Passing through the portal, we saw another way at our right,

leading downward. This was the original road to the castle; and, as we stood beside it and looked down the vista into the town below, we listened to the story of the castle for the first time, and how it came to be called Weibertreue.

I have already said that Conrad III defeated Count Guelph, of Altorf, in the plain below. The defeat brought with it some hard conditions, one of which was that all the men of Weinsberg should be put to death, but that the women might march off unmolested; and, to make the imperial grace more splendid, they were promised that they could take with them whatever was nearest their hearts. But what was nearest the hearts of the daughters of Weinsberg? We shall see. A messenger hastened to Conrad with some terrible news. No new enemy was marching with flying banners from the bold hill shutting in the valley. It was nothing but a woman's trick. All the women of Weinsberg were standing at the castle gate, bearing upon their shoulders their husbands and lovers—all the men of the town, to the number of eleven hundred! Duke Frederick protested against this female ruse, that such a thing was an abuse of imperial grace, and that the thing was not to be thought of. But it was not Duke Frederick's part to speak the decisive word. Conrad, worthiest of the Hohenstaufens, replied: "*Non decet verbum regium immutari* (The royal word shall be kept)." Never spoke emperor a nobler sentiment, except, perhaps, when the Emperor Charles V said to the cruel Alva, as the two stood together at the graves of Luther and Melancthon, in the castle church at Wittenberg, and Alva advised that the bodies of the two Reformers should be taken up and burned: "We make war on the living, and not on the dead."

Down the walk, at the head of which we were now standing, those noble women passed with their precious burdens on their shoulders. The town was burned and razed, and the few inhabitants who were left were put to death. The deed of the women, giving the name of Woman's Fidelity to the castle, passed into song and story and German hearts for all time to come.

Many German minstrels have made it the burden of elaborate poems. Peter Nichthanius has written a drama on it, and relates the story in a poetical prologue. Bürger, a Suabian poet of the last century, has also paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the noble deed of his countrywomen. Addison, likewise, relates it, in No. 499 of the *Spectator*.

The old castle is one of the most interesting ruins, even leaving out its history, that I have

ever seen in Württemberg, which is a paradise of mediæval recollections. The very cap of the hill seems to have been scraped off somewhat for building upon, and all around the outmost verge runs a massive wall, which has here and there suffered a breach by powder and ball, or, which is more powerful because more persistent, by the tooth of Time. The whole wall still preserves the holes where the soldiers used to shoot through. The perforations are smooth and round, and the views through them are exquisite. The old tower still stands in solitary glory, and from its base (its top is dismantled), the view on either side, up and down the valley, is beautiful in the extreme. The whole valley where Guelph and Ghibelline first raised their party watch-word is spread out before you as a picture. Off to the right, just around an intervening hill laden with ripe grapes, was charming, historical Heilbronn. On the Weibertreue there was much shrubbery, and a few gnarled, venerable trees grew out from the very foundations of the old walls. In a little stone *jalousie* I saw, written in black paint, in one corner, some words in verse by Körner, in his own hand, of which the following is the import: "My wife never bore me on her shoulders, but has borne with me; and that has been a heavier burden than my tongue has power to express."

We lingered a long time about the old ruins, first climbing on the wall, then swinging in boyish glee from the trees, then gathering a few mementos from the spot for some lady friends far away. We went down the hill rapidly, and only halted before the quaint town church. To pass it by without a visit would have been to do an injustice to its history, and especially to the memory of one of its pastors, the great Oetinger, who, with all his tinge of mysticism, was one of the noblest men and devout Christians of Germany in the eighteenth century. He and Bengel were the two great theological lights of South Germany in their time. The side of the church within the garden (the church stands lengthwise the street) was ornamented with some curious sepulchral sculptures. The faces of some of the statues were very expressive, but all of them quite odd-looking and stiff. The church itself was very plain. The only thing worth noticing was evidently not intended to be seen, at least just then. It was a curious picture painted by Keller, the Alsatian, in 1650, in which an old document in the town archives was faithfully followed. It represents the women of Weinsberg carrying off their husbands and lovers in triumph. Some have the men on their shoulders, others have them hanging to their backs,

and still others are dragging them by the heels. It is a most expressive figure, odd as its execution is. Above the picture is the following appropriate Scriptural citation from Proverbs: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." Below is the precious story, in old German style, with a strong admixture of pious feeling.

Weinsberg and its memorable castle have passed through many fearful ordeals since Guelph and Ghibelline fought around it. In 1237, the Emperor Conrad IV granted the town all the rights of a free imperial city. In the Peasant's War both the town and the castle were delivered, through treachery, to the peasants. The captors showed no mercy; they killed many of the citizens in cold blood, and hurled some, as Dietrich von Weiler, from the church-tower. The houses of the rich were sacked, and the gold and silver plate became cheap in new hands. By and by came the Thirty Years' War, when poor Weinsberg and its devoted castle suffered by famine, pestilence, and the whole train of horrors that Mars never fails to leave behind him. Weinsberg, it should be remembered, gave to the Reformation one of its staunchest friends and defenders, Oecolampadius, who, besides doing all he could for the good cause of Germany, was the first to preach the doctrines of Protestantism in Basle, Switzerland, now one of the most thoroughly Protestant cities on the Continent.

We spent the remainder of the day at Weinsberg, among the happy gleaners in the vineyard across the valley. Their hospitality knew no bounds. When we had eaten all the grapes we wished, they spread us a rustic table, with the branches and trunks of old trees for our seats. The meal was interrupted by the young men firing the vintage guns around the crowd of laughing and singing gleaners.

ELENORE.

WHERE wild, white breakers battle,
And white cliffs watch the shore,
Dwelt, with her fair-browed mother,
The beautiful Elenore—
A child of the warlike Britons;
Yet, amid that rugged race,
She grew like a forest lily
With the sunshine in its face.
And she seemed a banished angel,
Who ever, with lifted eyes,
Went seeking her loved, lost birthright
Away in the upper skies.
She was a chieftain's daughter,
And he was sturdy and strong

As the sea that rocks a ship
To its stormy cradle-song.
Yet deep in the heart of the chieftain
Nestled his gold-haired girl;
For the fiercest wave may cover
The light of a snowy pearl.
It was when the great Sun, speaking,
Smote with his glowing rod,
Till the souls of the flowers rose up,
As at the voice of a god;
When the chaste moon rolled thro' the heavens
Her car of silver sheen,
Rending the clouds before her
Like a crowned victor queen;
When life, like a dream of heaven,
Went soaring up to the blue;
When the song of the sea was an anthem,
And the olden world was new,
That on the land of the Briton
Glared the red eye of War;
And he flaunted his long, black banners
High over cliff and scar.

Then gathered in solemn council
The warriors stern and bold;
Then gathered in mystic revel
The bands of the Druids old;
In depths of a dim, deep forest,
Where the giant oaks did stand,
While ages marched beneath them
To the shadows of a viewless land.
They met where only the stars looked down
With their sweet and startled eyes;
For the new moon covered her pallid face
In a fold of the purple skies.
They met, and prayed to the great, strong gods
To save in the danger nigh;
But naught was heard save a rustling wind,
That stole like a spirit by.

Then arose in the Druid conclave
One with a beard of snow,
And an eye that, under his ashen brow,
Seemed like a fire burnt low.
His deep voice shook with wrath as he said:
"Fools! are ye void of eyes?
Are ye dumb and deaf when the gods cry out,
Bidding us sacrifice?
These flames that light your rock-built shrines,
With their red tongues speak to me;
I have heard a voice in the wind,
A moan from the soul of the sea,
'Pluck from the realms of your rugged isle
The fairest of flowers that blow—
The heart of a maiden, pure and sweet,
For its warm, rich blood must flow!'"

They searched thro' the length of the kingdom,
For many a day and night,
And they came one eve to the sea-side home,
Crowned with a crown of light.
For, deep in the emerald billows,
The sun was hurling his lance,
And a magic glory descending

Lay bright on the far expanse,
While the floating clouds of purple
Bordered their edges with gold,
As they draped a couch for the monarch
In many a glistening fold;
But, laughing in scorn, his royal head
He laid on the ocean's breast,
While the blood of the bright day fallen,
Crimsoned the fields of the west.

She stood with face to the sinking sun,
As the lordly priests drew near;
For her soul was seeking a path to the gods,
And closed were its eye and ear;
And she only knew how a sentry star,
That watched from the distant sky,
Her guardian spirit from paradise,
Was calling her up on high.
But her cheek grew pale when a solemn voice
Spoke as a bell might toll,
"O maid Elenore! the great gods speak,
They speak for body and soul.
Out of the flames of our altar-fires
Thine ashes shall feed the sod;
Thy saintly soul shall range and change,
And shine in the robes of a god."

Still as the sheen of the starlight
Dropped down into waveless calm,
The light of the soul in her eyes,
And her voice was sweet as a psalm:
"The gods are *loving* as well as *great*;
They bid not to sacrifice;
I know by the touch of tender rains,
By the smile of the sun-lit skies.
The frail flower pleads in its forest home,
And the strong gods give it the dew,
The wild beast roars in his dusky cave,
And their love is around him too.
When a message floats from the cloud-hills
That reach to the mystic throne,
Then shall my soul on its winged feet
Climb to the great Unknown."

Rage flashed in the eye of the Druid,
As with pallid lips he cried:
"Many a maiden fair as thou
For the sake of the gods hath died;
And by the proud sun that hideth
His face in the foam of the deep
And by the white moon that rideth
To-night o'er yon desolate steep,
When thrice her bright wheel she hath broadened
I swear that thou shalt die,
And hungry winds shall wail and war
As they lift thine ashes on high.
Thou art more pure than the priests of old—
More wise than thine ancient sires;
I curse! and my curse is a burning brand,
To light thy funeral fires."

They left her alone—the wrathful priest,
And his ghostly Druid band—
But the bright waves, seeming sad for her sake,
Drew near on the lonely strand.

And the sunset clouds grew dim and pale,
As though at the touch of death;
While the sea-birds uttered their dismal cry,
And the night-wind held its breath.
The stars leaned down from the distant heaven,
As though they would talk to her;
And where the stars are immortal suns
There were angel wings astir;
For every tear on the moon-lit sands,
Fell one on the flowers above;
But she knew it not, and her mournful prayer
Arose like a frightened dove.

Up to the gateway golden
Trembled its snowy wing,
And the bright-browed warden bore it
Safe to the throne of his King.
Then tender the voices talking
'Mid the bloom of celestial bowers;
For they spoke of their fair earth-sister,
While they gathered the fadeless flowers.
But down where a sea lay silver
In the moonbeams' shifting light,
'Mid the quiet of crag and cavern
Was the reign of a rayless night.
Three were the hearts that quailed and quivered
In the depth of deepening gloom;
Three were the souls that shrank and shivered
At the touch of deadly doom.

Soft was the song of Summer,
As she stole from her valley of flowers;
But loud was the clangor of battle,
As it rolled through her greenest bowers.
The shrines were laden with victims,
Yet the priests were wild in their wail;
"For the King of the great ice-kingdom,
One life alone can avail."
And as Autumn strode from the mountains
Wedding with Summer's sweet charms,
From his hills hung purple with shadow
Death wooed a bride to his arms;
For when the new moon had glimmered
Three times on the cliff-guarded shore,
They bound on their rock-built altar
The form of the maid Elenore.

Dense was the dark of the forest,
And into the calm of the night
Fell the sound of winds that were talking,
Fell gleams of a lurid light.
And the hills they were torn with tempest,
And the wild sea burst his bars;
And roaring in vengeful fury
He shook his foam to the stars.
Then a demon rode through the heavens
In his cloud-draped thunder car,
Till he woke on the distant mountains
The night of a maddening war.
And the pale priests heard, as they shuddered,
The hiss of the serpent brood,
That down in the deep ice-caverns
Cry to the gods for food.
And swifter and swifter the storm-fiend
Whirled on in his midnight path,

While weird was the moan of the forest,
 Telling of judgment wrath.
 Then the gloom arose to a glory,
 With the crash as of sphere upon sphere;
 The mountains cried, as they trembled,
 "The step of a god draweth near!"
 And like to the arm of a seraph,
 Reached out from the heavenly door,
 The fiery clasp of the lightning
 Uplifted the maid Elenore.
 Then the loud winds hushed their clamor,
 And only the Autumn rain
 Chimed with a sad sea sobbing
 Its weary and weird refrain.

The silent glimmer of moonbeams
 Crept through the leafage green,
 To a face that slept on the sullen shrine,
 With the smile of a saint serene.
 Not a dream of care in the still, blue eyes,
 Upturned to the solemn sky,
 And the leaves, as they feared to waken her,
 Spoke not as they floated by.
 The pale night flushed with a tint of dawn
 As she bent o'er the silent face;
 For a hint of the sunrise trembled there
 When the sweet soul claimed its place.
 There were only the calm clasped hands to tell
 Of a wild, unuttered prayer,
 And the Druid looked on her brow, and cried,
 "The gods wrote an answer there."

Red rose the sun on the mount,
 And red rolled the valleys in gore;
 Blood slipped through the shuddering rivers
 To crimson the sands on the shore.
 The cheek of the blithe young morning
 Was blanched with her deadly fears,
 And the golden crown of the noon-day
 Lay tarnished with dust and tears.
 The stern priests wailed, "She was kin to the gods;
 They gather their own again.
 They are keeping the *feast of vengeance*,
 And their wine is the *blood of men*."
 And when the white star of even
 Unfolded her pinions to rise,
 An angel wrote the *Druids' doom*
 On the wall of the blackened skies.
 And the words, like a fiery serpent,
 Writhe over the foaming waves,
 As the Saxon planted his standard
 On a shore that was sown with graves.

VISIONS.

VISIONS! all visions! How sad to remember
 Beauty and glory and greatness when gone—
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, all past—and December
 With snow-flake and cloud coming gloomily on!
 Echo of strings long untouched by the finger—
 Odor of life when its flowers decay,
 Memory—how fondly the soul loves to linger
 Through thy dim shadow-land wandering away.

ST. LAZZARO, VENICE, AND ITS ARMENIAN CONVENT.

IN one of the "Fragments" of the *Christian Advocate*, of the 8th of August last, there is an explanation offered of a very interesting phase of the conflict in progress between the Old and the New Catholics. The explanation tells us that, "about the year 1700, a company of Armenian monks founded a convent, at Constantinople, for the preaching of the Gospel, and for the advancement of science, literature, and religion, by the publishing of good books. They soon established a branch at Vienna, and another at Venice, on an island near the city. These convents have long been famous for their literary productions, and very especially for those relating to the cultivation of the Armenian tongue." As a well instructed scribe will bring forth out of his treasures things "both new and old," we have thought it might be pleasant to the readers of the *REPOSITORY* to learn something, more fully, from an old chronicle, respecting this Armenian convent situated near Venice, and of the almost romantic history of its founder, Dr. Mechitar, and, therefore, offer the following. The Neapolitans say, "See Naples and die;" the Venetians might say, "See Venice and live;" but no one should be satisfied to see Venice, and leave the capital, without visiting certain of the islands of the lagoon, which are highly interesting to be visited. Accordingly, on a morning or afternoon, as the case may have been, of August, 1870, the Rev. Doctor Woodruff and myself, travelers, stepped into a gondola, and were taken by our gondoliers to the island of St. Lazzaro, near the Lido. There we saw first, and wandered about, the nicely kept gardens of the convent, in which the fruits and flowers of the temperate and torrid zones flourish together in freshness and beauty, and assist the provision made for the bodily needs of the students. But soon the buildings themselves received our attention, and a pleasant, intelligent, black-robed monk, showed us from apartment to apartment—of monastery, museum, library, and church—pointing out the most valuable curiosities, of manuscripts, papyri, mummies—thousands of years old—and pictures, several of them by the grand masters of the olden time. Not many of the students appeared; and the doctors, no doubt, were in their halls with their books; still we knew, or ought to have known that the institution about us had, for a hundred years, been a Pharos shedding the light of science and religion upon the darkness of Armenia. Let us, however, now learn of the

singular life and deeds of Mechitar, the founder of the Society. He was born in Sebaste, a city of Armenia Minor, in 1676, and from his earliest years evinced a disposition for study and religious exercises, rather than for youthful amusements. At the age of nine, he received the "minor orders," and at fifteen entered the Convent of the Holy Cross, near Sebaste, to assume the habit of a monk. The Superior, Ananias, observing his peculiar ability, ordained him deacon in the same year, while he increased in devotion and in the study of the Sacred Volume and practical works. Shortly afterward, traveling with an Armenian doctor, they came first to Etchmiatzin, the patriarchal seat of his nation, and then to the convent in the island of Sevan; but not finding, in these retirements, the opportunity for advanced study, which was so ardently desired, he determined to return to his own country. For the first time, however, a European missionary had been met with, of whom he made many and anxious inquiries respecting Europe and its condition. Pursuing his journey homeward, he reached the Convent of Passen, near Erzroom, and at the request of its superior remained for a time, giving instruction to the youth. Here he became acquainted with an Armenian gentleman, lately returned from Europe, who gave him such accounts of its various institutions as fired him with a determination to visit the cities of such an illustrious land.

In 1693, being at Sebaste, he re-entered the Convent of the Holy Cross, devoting himself to the works of the Armenian fathers, and also to those of the Greek and Syriac. So great had now become his love of study, that no book escaped his hands unless he had carefully examined it. But his untiring application, even when traveling, brought on a disease of the eyes, which obliged him to retire for medical treatment. In this affliction he manifested the greatest patience, and caused to be read to him the sacred poems of St. Nierses Claiensis, until he had committed them to memory. On recovering his sight, his unabated thirst for knowledge moved him to resolve to set out at once on his journey to Europe, with an Armenian priest of literary pursuits. As they were crossing a river, near the city of Malatiah, the horse of Mechitar was swept away by the force of the current, while he managed to save himself, though at the expense of the poetic and didactic compositions which he carried, the fruits of his meditative hours.

At Aleppo he had the good fortune again to meet with the missionaries, among whom was a distinguished Jesuit especially noted for his

proficiency in the Oriental languages. To him he communicated his intention of visiting Europe; but the wise father endeavored to persuade him not to leave his own country. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing, he gave Mechitar, finally, letters of recommendation, to the following purport: "This being a young man of the greatest zeal, at the same time of integrity of conduct and singular piety, possessing also extraordinary genius and information of the religious works of the Armenian fathers, I could not but approve the plans he had formed of visiting Rome." With the Armenian priest he left Aleppo in 1695, and, after reaching Alexandria, shortly embarked for Italy. Hardly, however, had they arrived at Cyprus, before he was seized by a violent fever, which caused him to become separated from his companion, and to seek relief in a convent of Armenian monks. There, in the paroxysms of disease, he threw himself into a fountain of the gardens, deliriously seeking to assuage the fervor of the fever. The only food that sustained him, in these trying times, was a few olives mixed with barley bread.

At length, partially recovered, he set out once more to return to the paternal roof, in hope of entire restoration. Landing at Seleucia, he proceeded on foot, begging his way, until Aleppo was reached. Thence he journeyed to Enteh, and there joining a caravan, arrived, at last, at Sebaste, to the great joy of his family, who believed him to have died long since at Cyprus. After a few months of careful solicitude, with health quite restored, he returned to the Convent of the Holy Cross, and improved his retirement by translating into verse, for the assistance of youth, the Proverbs of Solomon; but one of the monks, jealous of his growing fame, entered one day his chamber, and finding all his writings, gave them to the flames, which base act, no sooner had Mechitar discovered, than heroically he pardoned the culprit. But now the monks at large, and the people of Sebaste, who had taken great notice of his conduct, and been edified by his virtuous example, would not cease from urging him to enter the sacerdotal order, until, in compliance, he did so in 1696. From this moment he became increasingly zealous to assist the enlightenment of his nation in morals and religion. To this end he visited the learned Doctor Catchadur, an Armenian pupil of the Society "De Propaganda Fide," at Constantinople, and declared to him his earnest wish to found a literary academy, of which he urged Catchadur to accept the office of superior. But the learned doctor refused, seeing too many difficulties in the way of accomplishment. Not allowing himself, however, to be discouraged,

Mechitar, taking with him two disciples, set out, almost immediately, to visit another famous Armenian doctor, living on the confines of Georgia, from whom he hoped for assistance in founding his Society. But again misfortune seemed to attend him. Poverty obstructed his way. On the voyage to Trebizond, the plague appeared in the ship, and a dreadful hurricane overtook them. Still, Mechitar persevered on his journey, by sea and by land; and spending the Winter at Marzevan—where he preached to the people—in the Spring of 1698, he reached Tocat, and, with one of the caravans, soon entered Erzroom, but to find that the divine, whom he had so long, and at such pains, sought, had abandoned his former excellent principles. Nothing was now left but for him, with his disciples, to apply to Macarius, Superior of the Convent at Passen, for assistance. The good bishop received Mechitar kindly, and approving his excellent conduct and wisdom, confided to him the education of the young students, besides the instruction of the monks in theology, uniting with it the practice of morality and religious exercises. Here he arranged "Annotations for Preaching," which he had laboriously compiled from the Fathers and the Holy Scriptures. Admiring the excellence of his example and his profound wisdom, the Society generally, and the superior in particular, almost forced him to receive the title of doctor, which he did in 1699, and immediately, by order of the superior, commenced preaching in the diocese. At this period, Mechitar, still burning with the desire to assist the enlightenment of his nation, determined to return to Constantinople, assemble followers in a house, instruct them in doctrines, and, at the same time, publish pamphlets, begging the help of benefactors toward forwarding his plans. For this purpose he sent forward one of his disciples to Constantinople, and, afterward, came onward himself, with two more of his followers.

THE MECHITARISTICAN SOCIETY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

At first, Mechitar lodged in a house in Galata, near the Armenian Church of St. Gregory, often preaching in the church; but also administering the sacraments in the European congregations. Shortly afterward, seeing that his followers increased at the capital, he called them together and explained to them his plans; but fearing lest he should attract notice by having many disciples, he sent those of them who were priests and doctors to preach in the different cities of Armenia, and kept the young men in the chambers of the church, where he daily in-

structed them with great diligence. This year he began also to print books for distribution in his nation; and retiring with his followers from the church to a hired house in Pera, prepared tools for book-binding. But, notwithstanding his prudent precautions, it was found impossible long to keep together his disciples; for the violent persecutors of his nation so assaulted him, that to save himself from condemnation to "the galleys," he had to disperse his followers, and betake himself to the French Ambassador for protection. While concealed in a convent of Capuchins, he overheard some merchants speaking of the wholesomeness and fertility of the Morea, at that time under the Republic of Venice. He thereupon summoned his companions in persecution once more for consultation; and with them determined to remove the Society to the Morea. Mechitar was now elected superior, and the disciples dedicated themselves as "Adopted Sons of the Virgin," choosing as the badge of the Society the initial letters of four Armenian words signifying the same. This first formal organization of the Mechitaristic Society took place at Pera, in Constantinople, A. D. 1701, and the members present and forming it were nine in number, four of them doctors, and five young men, all Armenians.

THE SOCIETY OF THE MOREA.

Immediately Dr. George, of Aintab, was sent forward to the Morea to examine the state of things, and report. In three months he forwarded a favorable reply, and Mechitar, with a part of his followers, was about to embark, when his enemies attempting his arrest obliged him further to conceal himself; but in a few days he escaped, in the disguise of a merchant, to Smyrna, with about four hundred piasters (two hundred dollars) in hand. Finding at Smyrna a further order issued for his capture, he continued his flight to the pleasant island of Zante. There learning that the Governors of the Morea were well disposed toward him, and would grant his Society some lands for its support, Mechitar proceeded without delay to Napoli di Romania, in 1703, where, finding his companions in health and safety, he returned signal thanks to the Almighty; and, renting a small house, established himself with his little flock.

For founding a monastery, Mechitar now chose the city of Madone, famed for its strength and population; and presenting his high recommendation from the Venetian Ambassador, the governors, without scruple, gave him a spot for a church and convent, and, moreover, two villages, from the returns of which the establish-

ment might be supported. Meanwhile, two disciples were sent to Rome, to obtain from Pope Clement XI the approbation of the Society, under the rule of St. Anthony; but the reply being delayed, one of the brothers was recalled, while the other remained to study the Latin and Italian languages. Poverty hindered the advance of Mechitar's plans, and to so great an extremity was he brought as to be compelled to apply to Angelomo, Governor, for assistance. The governor and other officers came generously to his help, and the foundation-stone of the church was laid by Emo with much pomp of military music and firing of cannon. Not only were the buildings speedily completed, but every debt of the entire establishment was paid. Mechitar now dedicated himself entirely to the regular instruction of his followers; and choosing the plan prescribed by the rules of St. Benedict, presented his Society to the Pope, who, in approving it, conferred on its superior the dignity of abbot. At this time he translated into the Armenian tongue, for the use of his students, the "Theology" of Thomas Aquinas.

While the Society of Mechitar for twelve years was prospering, and daily the people were reaping its advantages, the unfortunate war between the Turks and the Venetians broke out, and speedily proceeded to such lengths as involved the abbot and his followers in the greatest misfortunes, and compelled them, at length, with many tears, hastily to embark for Venice, the capital of the Republic, in 1715.

THE SOCIETY AT VENICE

After waiting awhile, until all hope had died of re-establishment in the Morea, and until he had involved himself in debt on behalf of the Society, Mechitar determined to petition the Senate for the gift of a convent in Venice. To this end he presented the testimonial of Luigi Mocenigo, Governor, as follows: "There dwelt in the Kingdom of the Morea, in a sumptuous convent, the Armenian monks of the order of St. Anthony, under the wise and zealous conduct of the Reverend Father Mechitar. They shewed forth, one and all, so good an example in the devout offices of the Church, by their practice of morality, and by the purity of their living, that they edified much the people, and conciliated a universal esteem; and from the terms of respect with which the paternal kindness of the Archbishop of Corinth regarded them, and recommended them to me—as they are now obliged to take refuge under the Government of the Republic, owing to the unfortunate capture of the Morea—it seems to me but

an act of justice to give them the present document, which may serve as a testimonial of their merit." It was not permitted, at the time of this petition, that new societies should be established at the capital. Mechitar, therefore, after due deliberation, received from the Senate the small island of St. Lazzaro, near the city, in 1717, for perpetual inhabitation. There had been erected on it, in 1180, a hospital for lepers, from which fact the name was derived; but the disease finally disappearing, the island was abandoned. For a season the half-ruinous buildings were used by the monks, while Mechitar went to Rome to defend his Society against certain calumnies, which he did so successfully that the Pope granted him power to send missionaries through the Indies.

Returning to Venice, Mechitar set himself, through benefactors of his nation, to build up his institution—namely, a monastery for the doctors and students, a church and belfry, a refectory and fine library, and a printing-office and museum—which he did with taste and order and indefatigable diligence. When the work was finished, his friends insisted that his statue should be placed in a conspicuous spot; but the humble abbot utterly refused, only consenting that on the door of the refectory should be placed the following inscription, in Latin and Armenian:

"Fuit Hoc Monasterium Totum Tempore
Mechitar Petri ex Sebaste I Abbatis
Extractum An. 1740."

Mechitar's task was now accomplished. He might rest from his labors with the blessed dead, and his works should follow him. For forty years, with faith and patience, through many trials and perils, had he filled the office of abbot. After a brief illness, calmly, sweetly, he died in the Lord, in the year 1749, and the seventy-fourth of his age. His followers were in the greatest affliction, while his nation, and the foreigners acquainted with his useful, self-denying life, universally regretted his decease. His remains were buried in the choir of the church, in a tomb which he himself had prepared; but his disciples, wishing to show special honor to their abbot, removed them to a more elaborate tomb in the sanctuary, on which was placed a suitable inscription. His portrait is sacredly preserved among those of his honored successors.

Among the literary works of Mechitar, are chiefly to be noted, "The Explanation of St. Matthew's Gospel," a large and learned work; a copious Vocabulary of the Armenian Tongue, and the fine edition of the Armenian Bible, adorned with figures, a copy of which he sent to Pope Benedict XIV, receiving in return his

apostolical benediction for the abbot and all his "good monks," as also the "particular thanks of His Holiness, for the missions which continue to produce so great fruit." The beauty and exactness of the Armenian type of the press of St. Lazzaro are particularly to be remarked; and the works, either original or translated, published from time to time, are circulated in the Armenian nation, and throughout Asia. In looking over the catalogue of publications, we notice, among a variety of works mentioned, such books as Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," "Plutarch's Lives," and "Robinson Crusoe's History."

Mechitar received into his monastery only Armenian youth, because these were best suited to his great purpose—the enlightenment of his own nation; but he made no distinction between rich and poor. At first, after rigid trial, they went into "The Noviziato"—school for the young; then, on further trial, of health, talent, and virtue, on their own free choice, and by a plurality vote of the members, they were admitted into the Society, and entered "The Professorio," for more advanced. On completing their course of study, they were promoted to "The Sacerdotal Order," and finally received the degree of "doctor," when they were sent on missions, or held in the convent for literary labors. His greatest aim, however, was to train his pupils to habits of virtue and religion, and to exercises of Divine worship. In this view, he prescribed rules which they were required diligently to observe; and instructed them carefully in Christian doctrines and the sacred Scriptures. He prescribed no particular abstinence, but assigned times for recreation. Seven hours each day must be devoted to study; as many should be given to repose; two hours were allowed for conversation; and one for wandering in the garden. Once a year he took them to the "Benta" for forty days; the Christmas season was made a holiday; and, occasionally, he went with them to the public festivals of the city. Some of his disciples (doctors) were sent as Christian missionaries into Armenia, Natolia, Georgia, Persia, and the Indies, at large; and, besides, into Hungary and Transylvania, where there are Armenian colonies.

Since the death of Mechitar, the office of abbot has been filled by several distinguished Armenian doctors. Some lands were bought in the Venetian State, by the fruits of which, and the revenue received from funds in the Venetian bank, the Armenian students have been maintained gratuitously in the convent. In the

year 1810, when other monastic establishments were suppressed, the "Mechitaristic Society," through special favor and by special decree, retained its independence. The Society boasts of literary correspondence with the remotest countries. Through the liberality of a rich Armenian patron, it has instituted a college at Padua, Italy, for the education of poor and orphaned Armenian youth; and while it does not receive foreigners into its membership, it welcomes the studious of all nations to the benefits of its learned professions. Some English gentlemen and noblemen, in particular, have availed themselves of this opportunity. Prominent among these have been Lord St. Asaph, Lord William Russell, and the late Lord Byron, with whose assistance, and that of John Brand, Esq., of Cambridge, England, a grammar and dictionary of the Armenian and English language were composed.

Such, then, is an epitome of the history of the Convent of St. Lazzaro, near Venice; and the Vatican has never been pleased with the fact that the Society has always called itself "Armenian," and not "Roman Catholic." Its bishops were neglected at the late Ecumenical Council, threatened for not accepting the decreed doctrine of infallibility, and finally excommunicated. But the monastery has ever continued to fly the Turkish flag on the Sabbath, thus acknowledging its civil allegiance to the Porte; and the Sultan has lately interfered on behalf of his subjects, and relieved them from all obligation to Rome. This act has been received with great joy; and long may the Society live and prosper, to shed the light of true science and religion among the Armenian people, even to the exposure of ancient or modern assumptions of the Papacy!

MINISTERIAL SHOOTING.

"HE is a good shot!" is the sportsman's expression, complimentary for his fellow. But wishing for ministerial shooting skill, only in the figurative sense, we would entreat for a hitting of the mark with every sermon. There must be a definite mark, and a steady aim at it, if any mark be hit. And it is well known that a rifle-ball will go a further distance, and with a concentrated power unattained by small, scattered shot. Now, is it not to be feared that many preachers fail to melt sermon-metal into the rifle-ball unity? So many points are made out, that they scatter in various directions of thought, and however good each may be in itself, there is no straight and decisive aim, which makes a powerful and long-remembered effect.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department.

THE name of Alexander Dumas is still to be notorious, even in France. It was to be hoped that the sad end of the profligate though talented father would be a warning to the son; but it is not so. It would seem that in Dumas the son we are to have a second edition of Dumas the father. During the calamities of war, and while his father was dying, the scion of this ignoble stock gave some signs of conscious manhood, and uttered a few appeals to his countrymen that might well have been heeded. But these were a simple spasm of virtue that quickly passed away with the disappearance of the chagrin that caused a momentary depression and return to moral principle.

The French stage has again been disgraced by a new drama, more indecent and revolting than those of the "Empire," in which Dumas pompously announces may be found his latest ideal woman. It has been severely criticised even by the French journals, and in one of the attacks on Dumas, a critic declares that he would not take his wife, sister, or daughter to see it. When an habitual French playgoer says this, the rest of the world may be pretty sure that there is good reason for it. Dumas defends himself quite ingenuously, by declaring that his critic is right, and that no man should take his daughter to the French theater, for not simply that piece, but the place itself is immoral, as are all its influences. But he says that the stage is intended to represent men as they are, and not as they should be, and so long as the task of the dramatist is to represent a society which is immoral, the picture must necessarily be immoral. This disgraceful confession and fallacious reasoning needs no comment; it tells its own story. We are, however, interested in the moral which he would draw from the production, and the constituent which is required to make his ideal woman. He says that the first, second, third, and whole duty of woman consists in loving her husband, and pardoning him when he sins. In accordance with this doctrine, the hero of his drama is ever sinning in the basest manner toward his wife, and she is ever forgiving. Dumas claims to have put into the heart of his heroine the solution for every thing in woman's life—love; and he pretends to give the most striking and spotless proof of it by her ever-recurring forgiveness. But what must be the condition of society in which no loftier virtue than this is demanded of

woman? For the men of this school the solution of the woman question is marvelously simple and clear. Women need only suffer; they must love all they can, pardon the most unworthy things in men, and submit quietly to every indignity, as to a natural destiny. Of an independent soul in woman, of a claim to a broad development of her faculties, Dumas knows nothing; his ideal woman is a slave to man's basest passions. And this man's disgusting teachings are applauded nightly by thousands and tens of thousands of the women of France. Surely, the parable is true that the blind are leading the blind into the ditch.

WE have been greatly pleased with the heart-felt and touching words of a German Jewess in regard to "Gates Ajar" by our esteemed authoress, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The work has been translated into German, and published under the title, "At the Portals of Eternity; or, a Glimpse into Heaven." Marie Strahl alludes to our broad liberty in religious matters, and our numerous sects, which are always a mystery to other nations. She gives us the credit of possessing strong religious convictions, which induce us to adopt what she is pleased to term the strongest means to propagate them, and among these are the religious novel. Then, quoting the book, she relates the plot of the story, noting some things that to her are inconsistent or incomprehensible, and closes with a beautiful criticism that reveals a truly sincere and pious heart: "However, every thing that can afford true consolation to the deeply sorrowing and lacerated heart, every thing that can mitigate the heavy grief of the soul, should be sacred to us. If this little story can raise up any that are depressed in Germany, can console any that are forsaken, as we have the assurance that it has many times done in America, then be it doubly welcome among us. This great epoch often demands, from individuals, so great sacrifices, and with its iron tread often so cruelly tramples down many peaceful existences, that every thing that consoles and sustains must be welcomed." It is pleasing to hear such moving accents from one who knows not Christ theoretically, but whose love and whose need must practically dwell in her heart, to attune it to such longings. And the sequel proved that she was near the portals, enjoying the glimpse within, when she wrote these words, for

she has just passed beyond, and is being mourned by her friends.

STILL another word in regard to Professor Bischoff, of Munich, whom we alluded to in our last issue as having been so severe in his criticism on the study of medicine by women. His counterblast has received an able reply from one of the professors of Zurich on behalf of the ladies, affirming that the general experience there, so far, is favorable. The whole matter has thus caused a good deal of excitement even in non-professional circles, and the Munich savant is out with his "defense." He declares that, all the learning and experience of Zurich to the contrary notwithstanding, the female sex 's not competent to the culture and practice of the sciences, and, above all, of the natural sciences and medicine. He says: "I conclude with the repeated warning, not to be deceived by a few isolated experiments, or even through the labors of a few persons, and thus decide contrary to the experience of centuries. Women are not called to cultivate the sciences; about that there can be no doubt. And medicine is the study least adapted to women: first, because its tasks and demands are among the most difficult; and, secondly, because their solution and practice demand the ignoring and violation of the best side of woman's nature. Let him who is honest with women not encourage them to enter a path which can afford them no lasting internal or external satisfaction." So we rather think that the friends of the women had better give up the old Munich professor, and try and get along without him. He is certainly stubbornly incorrigible. We promise to let him alone hereafter.

THE Franco-German war has revived the interest in Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans. During the darkest days of French humiliation and despair, there arose at Orleans a false prophetess pretending to bear the mantle of the original maid; but the people were deceived only a short time, and the deceiver found few followers. The fact, however, has called out a new criticism on the whole story of the famous heroine, which presents some interesting facts. Schiller and Shakspeare have both given to the world their conception of the Maid of Arc: the German poet claims that she was divinely inspired, while the great Englishman represents her as a studied deceiver. Schiller admires his heroine, as an ideal; Shakspeare hates his subject, as a national enemy. No character in history has been so diversely judged, not only by the poets, but also by the chroniclers. The French Archbishop, Dupanloup, sees in the maid a saint, while many modern authors have no faith in her pretensions, and scarcely hesitate to deny her existence at all, regarding the whole matter as a myth, grown up from the traditions of later times. The present study of the subject reveals the curious fact that no less than thirty-seven authors have written chronicles of the Maid of Orleans; these are in French, English, Belgian, German, Scotch, and Italian dialects, showing how wide-

spread was the interest felt in the subject. But these old-time historians have so involved their history with legends that it is now quite difficult to separate the one from the other.

THE daughters of Queen Victoria have learned some good lessons from their noble mother, and have been wise enough to profit by them. The eldest, now Crown Princess of the great German Empire, and the coming Empress of that powerful realm, finds time, amid her busy surroundings, to devote a portion of her efforts to the profit and welfare of her poorer sisters, who are but the step-children of fortune. She takes pleasure in lending the influence of her name to any benevolent enterprise calculated to advance the interests of working-women, and even lends her presence and personal effort in some of the principal of them. Among these is an institution in Berlin, of several years standing, known as the "Victoria Bazaar." The object is to produce a profitable market for the thousand little fancy and useful articles made by woman's hand, which yield but a pitiful money return if sold to the dealer, who takes even more than the lion's share of the profit. The bazaar is, in the first place, a sort of perpetual exhibition, where ladies can find nearly all they want for their little ones in the fancy dress line, and especially an opportunity to exhibit any thing that is new and pretty from skillful hands. The toilers themselves, without influence or organization, could do but little with the best efforts of their skill and industry; but here they find an organization ready-made, in the hands of a skillful agent, who receives their products, and obtains the highest price for them, deducting simply ten per cent for the expenses of running the establishment, which experience proves to be ample. The Bazaar also employs large numbers, to whom it pays good living wages, and has a goodly amount of finished work sent to it from the provinces, being careful to patronize only the classes for whose benefit it is sustained. The directors of the "Victoria Bazaar" encourage the formation of such establishments in the smaller cities, by advice and patronage; always, however, insisting that they shall not be controlled by a speculative spirit, but shall be purely and solely benevolent, while founded on sound business principles. The example of the mother institution is, therefore, doing much good also.

The store of the Bazaar is in the most desirable and frequented part of the great business thoroughfare of the capital, and is provided with every fixture to make it beautiful and attractive. The lower story is a perfect exhibition-room of feminine handiwork, and few ladies pass the tastily adorned windows without the desire to step in and examine. Many of the articles are exhibited as samples of something new awaiting for orders; and if a poor girl happens to hit on something to suit the public taste, she receives the profit of her own skill. Childrer's wardrobe is a specialty which is here unsurpassed, and to this department the princess sends models of all practical and useful things which she receives

from England for the use of her own large family, which she dresses in the most practical and sensible manner. This course thus has its good effect in setting a sound example to the ladies of Berlin, who are said to profit largely by it. The departments of knitting, crocheting, and embroidery are remarkably well sustained. Berlin wool and patterns are famous even in this country, but right in their head-quarters they fairly dazzle the eyes of the customers, and confuse them with the embarrassment of riches. In

some instances, ladies who are not able to rent a store in so expensive a neighborhood may hire a counter, and sell their specialties to the best advantage for themselves. And again, the Bazaar lends a helping hand to gentlewomen of reduced circumstances, who need to do something to help out an insufficient income. Their busy fingers may make at home many little things which can here be turned into needful cash, in a quiet way. Success to the Victoria Bazaar!

Art Notes.

THE MANGER AND ART.—The approaching Christmas will turn our thoughts to Bethlehem and the manger. Among all the holidays of the year, Christmas is almost universally hailed with the greatest delight. Especially is it a day of peculiar happiness to the whole Christian world—a day the saints of Israel longed for, and prophets and wise men foretold.

The star that lit up the plains of Palestine, and illumined the hills of Judea; that stood over lovely Bethlehem, sleeping in the shadows of the night; and that mingled its beams in the holy light of the young life cradled there, shone over a world redeemed—a world saved from heathenish darkness, and born into a new kingdom of light and love.

More especially is Christmas a day of jubilee to the Christian artist. The babe in the manger has a wonderful charm for the artist's expansive soul. As he looks again and again on the innocent sleeping child, the mother in her beautiful devotion, the singing angels, and the adoring shepherds, his spirit is nourished with the elevating, the ennobling and pure. This is the dawn of Christian art, as well as of Christian life. Its cradle, too, is the manger. Here the Christian artist finds his highest ideal, his fullest inspiration. A new world opens before him—the world of soul. How delighted to seize upon this favorite subject for portrayal, and with his pencil and colors to bring out, upon paper or canvas, a reflection of the inner life, all glowing with richness and love! The cold grandeur, the silent sadness, the immovable grief, of his former creations, have now passed away, and the new light of his own soul blends in beautiful harmony with the bright reflections from the young life before him. Now he seeks not admirers, but worshipers; not cold praise, but the glowing warmth of faith. After such a change, the painter is lost in the man. His pictures are no longer wrought out for the gaze of the populace, but for his own inner self. He paints now not for gain, but to satisfy the longings of his hungry soul. It is said of the pious monk, Fra Angelico, that, "impelled by a sincere and fervent spirit of devotion, at the age of twenty he retired from the world, and buried himself within the walls of a cloister. He was a man with whom the practice of a beautiful art was thence-

forth a hymn of praise, and every creation of his pencil an act of piety and charity. He it was who, in seeking only the glory of God, earned an immortal glory among men. His long life was spent mostly in painting sacred subjects. To him, the act of painting a picture devoted to a religious subject was an act of religion, for which he prepared himself by fasting and prayer, imploring, on bended knee, the benediction of Heaven on his work." With such a spirit, it is not strange that "he has never been excelled in the poetical and religious fervor which he threw into his pictures." How great is the contrast of all this with heathen art, where the absence of faith and hope makes its creations cold and stern! On the Nile stands the Pillar of Memnon, a mighty mass of polish and finish, but it was cold and dumb at night. If the stars shone upon it, they gave only a faint glimmering light; but as soon as the sun arose, it is said to ring out the sweetest melody. So with art. Ancient art had acquired a kind of finish and perfection, but it was cold and dumb in the night of heathendom; it spoke not to the heart. Even when some noblest artists, who stood there, like stars in the night-time, lent to these works the light of their own genius, that light was only a speechless glitter, a false splendor.

But when at Bethlehem the Sun of eternal light arose, then art was touched with a ray of this light; and then rang out that wonderful threefold sound—that triad, that, unlike the Pillar of Memnon, did not return to silence, but sounds forth its notes of cheer and gladness to the present hour.

The Grecian fables, that tell us that the gods came down from heaven to adapt the various arts to men, become truth when we study art from the Christian stand-point. The Son of God came down from his throne in heaven—"He, the eternal beauty, the reflected splendor of the Father"—and on that first Christmas night, art was given its true place and value. To the merely intellectual is now added the spiritual, and the perfect union satisfies the cravings of the soul.

—President Thiers has consented to have his statue in bronze erected at his native place in Aix.

—The monument to "Highland Mary," in the old West Kirk-yard, Greenock, Scotland, has been thoroughly and tastefully repainted, and, in general, renewed.

—Dr. Lowell Mason, the well-known composer of Church music, died recently at Orange, New Jersey, aged eighty-two. He was the first upon whom the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred in America.

—The bronze statue of Lincoln, which is to surmount the monument at Springfield, Illinois, has received its last touches. The height of the figure is eleven feet, and its weight four thousand four hundred pounds. The entire cost of the monument will be \$206,550.

—To show the refining power of the beautiful over nations, Winckelmann says the Arcadians were obliged to learn music to counteract their morose and fierce manners, and, from being the worst, became the most honest and best-mannered, people of Greece.

—Owing to a false economy, or the use of deleterious chemicals, in the preparation of paper for water-color painting, this beautiful style is threatened with destruction. This inferior paper is totally unfit for the production and permanency of this style of painting, and artists are now loath to venture a trial with it.

—Some excitement has been produced in Rome by the refusal of M. Fournier, the French Ambassador at the Vatican, to allow the municipality to erect a memorial in honor of Galileo on the wall of the palace of the French Academy. In his reply to the application made to him on this subject, M. Fournier said that "such memorial, which would recall the days of the Inquisition, and place the culture, toleration, and humanity of the clergy in an unfavorable light, would certainly be displeasing to the Pope, who would look upon it as a new attack on his dignity, and a new insult in his adversity; he might also, perhaps, consider it a kind of slight on the part of France, if the memorial were erected on a building belonging to the French nation." The municipality have decided to erect the memorial in a street near the Academy.

—*The Manufacturer and Builder* has an interesting article on the "Colossal Organs of Holland." It says: "Most of the churches were built before the Reformation, and they were, therefore, only adapted to the dramatic religious performance of the Roman Catholic Church. They are much too large for public speaking, and also ill adapted in shape to that purpose. When the Reformation swept over Holland the newly converted Protestants continued their modified religious worship in their accustomed cathedrals, abolished the altars and statues, and placed, in the central portion of the church, seats to accommodate several thousand persons. Half of these, however, can hardly hear the sermon, and it was very natural then that the congregational singing became a more essential portion of the religious ex-

ercises than it had ever been before. As the music was and still is plain choral, in the simple and noble style of 'Old Hundred' and 'Luther's Hymn,' in which nearly every man, woman, and child could join, it became soon necessary to build larger organs, in order to lead this ocean of thousands of voices, all singing their well known, plain melodies in unison—sweeping onward like a cataract, and requiring for that thousand-fold strength of vocal melody an immense harmonious accompaniment, with most powerful bass. This is the reason of the construction of those colossal organs."

—*All the Year Round* gives some hints to those contemplating the erection of equestrian statues. They can not be regarded as belonging to the highest style of art, since there are no animals except men of which the forms are beautiful enough to be fit subjects for sculpture, although excellently well adapted for carving on a small scale. Most of the equestrian statues are rendered bad by misplacement or too high a pedestal. The equestrian statues that represent the horse in a vaulting attitude, in which it would topple over if not supported by the tail, are hideous monstrosities, unworthy of an artist or a civilized people. Perhaps the best effect is secured in those statues where the man stands beside, and does not sit upon the horse.

—T. M. Coan, in the *Galaxy*, in discussing the general order of precedence in greatness among the fine arts, gives the results of his tabulations as follows: "It thus appears that poetry, in the relations that I have discussed, holds decidedly the first rank among the five arts; painting occupies the second place; while the other three arts are represented, singularly enough, by the same number, which assigns equality to music, sculpture, and architecture. . . . In conclusion, it may be plausibly argued that poetry, architecture, and the plastic arts have passed their prime. But music is still comparatively young; it is fast growing and full of promise. The musician of the future, if he is not already among us, may appear at any moment."

—Massachusetts has the credit of inaugurating in this country the means for the thorough and systematic art education of her people. The provisions of a legislative act of 1870 are being carefully and thoroughly carried out, under the guidance of Mr. Walter Smith, a most learned and enthusiastic English artist. He has described his scheme in a book (recently issued by J. R. Osgood & Co.), entitled "Art Education." It rests upon the principle that the best means of refining the industrial and revivifying the fine arts is the identification of the artist with the artisan. In this, Mr. Smith is in harmony with Mr. Ruskin's ideas as expressed in his last work. Very much is hoped, not only by the commonwealth of Massachusetts, but by the whole country, from this enterprise of Mr. Smith.

—*The Manufacturer and Builder* for August has some appreciative "remarks" on a "new style of architecture." After noticing the fruitlessness of the discussion that has been going on of late in England,

it remarks: "And thus will it ever be, until argued with a clearer conception of what constitutes a 'style in architecture' than many writers have shown. A careful study of the history of art will prove that the distinction between varying styles is not to be sought in the arbitrary use of certain 'forms,' 'features,' or 'details,' by one or the other, but that it lies far deeper, and is to be found in the characteristic mental tone of the builders themselves, of which such styles are an accurate reflex." After briefly tracing this principle in the Greek and mediæval architecture, it proceeds:

"Can we, then, believe that this age would fail to fix its own stamp with firmness and vigor on an architecture developed anew from its elements? Revivals of old styles can never be a success, unless we reproduce the tone of thought of the age that gave them birth. . . . By developing an architecture from its elements, I mean that we should begin in theory, as other nations did in practice, from simple squared masses of building-material, and, bringing to the work a sense of beauty trained by an assiduous study of the Creator's noblest works, shape these rough blocks to such forms as shall give not only pleasure, but satisfaction to the faculty so cultivated; and beauty, I believe, is but the expression of an all-pervading, guiding *reason* in form.

We can then add as ornament the representation of the most admired works of nature, to give an additional interest to the building; enrichment or patterns, to relieve plain surface; and color, whose use needs no comment. The ancients designed on these principles buildings which are real and true organisms, each part assigned especially for its own place, all together forming a harmonious whole. We pick their buildings to pieces, and, considering each part as a fixed quantity under the name of a 'detail,' or an 'ornamental feature,' patch them together, like children with a box of bricks, to form structures frequently with as little truth in them as the well-known monster of Horace's imagination.

"To predict what the style of this age will be, is, perhaps, premature; yet there can be no doubt that the breadth of view which distinguishes modern thought will tend to spaciousness in the area of buildings. The 'pointed' arch will be found unsuited to the period, and the 'round' form will be adopted, with a slight ellipticity (the long axis, of course, vertical) to give it that life and vigor wanting to the pure semicircle; and, as the mediæval architects made the development of painted glass windows one of their chief cares, so the great problem of this age will be, or rather has been, propounded by the invention of wrought-iron roofs."

Contemporary Literature.

ROCKFORD, Illinois, should be a pious place, if piety is gauged by churches. It has a church edifice to every five hundred of its twelve thousand inhabitants. It is a pretty place, and has flowing through it, spanned by an elegant bridge, a real river of actual water, and not liquid mud, like that which flows through the alluvial channels of the Ohio and Missouri. Rockford has printing-presses and weekly sheets for the information of the public and the edification of politicians. Rockford has at last a book, its first book, a book of poems, written, printed, bound, and published in Rockford—*Esther Gray, and Other Poems*, by Mary Brainard, from the Gazette Steam Job and Book Printing-house, a duodecimo of one hundred and sixty pages; containing one long poem, "Esther Gray," a thrilling temperance story, "The Winnebago Hunter," a frontier pioneer tale, and seven or eight fugitive pieces. The authoress is a good storyteller, and tells good stories. The crowning blemish of her style is a passion for compounded epithets, of which, in the leisure of a railroad ride of a hundred miles, we counted some three hundred. The like does not exist in all the annals of literature. Many of them are, of course, legitimate and in common use; but many more are new creations, and far-fetched. The very first line is a

"Wave-break on the sand-stretch of time."

Then we have "commerce-vessel," "back-echoes," "scorn-curl," "rill-song," "sun-mirrored streamlet" (which ought to read "sun-mirroring streamlet," to make a correct figure), "joy-dreams," "dawn-gold," "thought-faculties," "joy-hopes," and so on. "Incense-censer" is as tautological as the fair author's "venison of the deer."

The rhymes are often faulty, not to say slovenly; as, "stream" with "green;" "again" with "hand;" "sunshine" with "reclined;" "alcove," "home;" "beloved," "prove;" "down," "around;" "feel," "sleep;" "past," "glass;" and finally, "tin-cup" with "drink it up!" Notwithstanding these defects, the stories interest, and the poetic ability manifested is considerable. Typographical errors are troublesome numerous.

"*City of God and the Church-makers.*" It is refreshing to find originality and novelty in a theological work. The field has been so thoroughly explored and so carefully gleaned, that any thing new is hardly to be expected. In his "*Ecce Ecclesia*," and "*City of God*," which is only the same idea further elaborated, Mr. R. Abbey arraigns all the theological writers of the last three centuries, and takes them roundly to-do for making a distinction between Judaism and Christianity, as though they were different dispensations and different Churches. Mr. Abbey's reason-

ings effectually knock the underpinning from under all Churchism, whether Episcopal or Independent. The Church is coextensive with human history; modes and forms are changing and suited to ages and peoples. Whether we agree with all his points or not, Mr. Abbey's book is full of suggestive thought for ministers and laymen of all denominations. Hurd & Houghton, New York. George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

Had You Been in His Place, is a title half plagiarized from Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place;" and, as is often the case with the romances of the day, has no relevancy, that we can discern, to the story itself. The novel is a 16mo, of six hundred pages, published by Robert Carter, New York; George Crosby, Cincinnati. Starting in an American college, a couple of chapters send the hero to Germany, where the principal scenes of the story are laid. The book is a curious mixture of clumsiness and cleverness. Nowadays, a college boy does not shoot down a fellow-student in a brawl, and get aboard a ship bound for Europe, without having the police at his heels. The authoress, Lizzy Bates, next raises a tremendous storm at sea, and follows the doomed ship with a huge bird (was it an albatross or an owl?) that "flaps his monstrous wings, and laughs and hisses and jeers" in queer style, even for a "haunted ship," or the "Flying Dutchman." Boats live in a sea that swamps the vessel! and the hero is translated from a watery grave to Dutchdom in no time. Mania for strong drink, and terror over the supposed murder of his college comrade, make him a sort of respectable fiend in the midst of a good deal of good Dutch company, Catholic and Protestant—make him a successful school-master, a brave and successful officer in the German army, in its struggle with Napoleon and conquest of France. At length his school friend turns up in Germany, an officer in the army; reconciliation follows; and we are left to hope that Fairfax followed, at last, the counsels of President Raffles, signed the temperance pledge, and took to lecturing on his personal experiences of the evils of intoxicating drink and the virtues of cold water.

ANOTHER lady-novel, from the same publishers: *Only Ned; or, Grandma's Message*, by Jennie M. Drinkwater. A very lively story, thoroughly American, much less ambitious, and far more effective than the one discussed above. It is the liveliest book that has come to our table this month, a real story for boys and girls; from Robert Carter, New York; George Crosby, Cincinnati. It is all dialogue, and Ned, a twelve-years-old boy, is the hero of its numerous situations. He is all boy, and yet a manly boy; fast for his years, full of fun and frolic, passionate, and inclined to every boy-vice, yet restraining himself with a strong hand; religious, after a boy's fashion, and making, ultimately, we may hope, a splendid man.

Apples of Gold: an illustrated weekly for the youngest readers, published by the American Tract Society. A beautiful thing for children.

The End of the World: a love-story, by Edward Eggleston, author of the very popular story, "Hoosier School-master," both originally published in *Hearth and Home*, of which Mr. Eggleston is editor, and Orange Judd & Co., publishers, New York, 1872.

China; or, the Chinese Empire: magnificently illustrated with numerous steel engravings, from sketches taken on the spot by Allom, published in semi-monthly numbers, thirty-eight parts, on superfine paper, each part containing four plates and eight pages of letter-press. 17 Park Place, New York.

The Gift of the Knees; or, the Ministry of Prayer the Ministry of Power, by American Tract Society: two essays, "Asked of God" and "Tell Jesus," by Mrs. Shipton, and "Three days in the Life of Gellert," full of incidents illustrating the power of prayer and the beauty of trust in God with perfect reliance and child-like faith.

Magazines, Pamphlets, Catalogues, etc.—The Methodist Quarterly for October has a rich table of contents, and a more than usually entertaining bill of fare in the editorial portion of the work. The Lakeside Monthly for October is an anniversary fire number, illustrated with specimens of Chicago's architectural rejuvenations. Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine for November, accompanied by the Children's Hour. The Cincinnati Medical News for October. Harris's Musical Bulletin for October. The Gospel Visitor for October. Minutes of the South-Eastern Indiana Conference. The Medical Investigator for October. Boston University College of Music, Eben Tourjee, Director. The Chicago Pulpit for September. Catalogue of the "One Study" University. Circular of Physio-Medical Institute, Cincinnati. Catalogue and Circular of California State Normal School. Whitney's Musical Guest, October. Proceedings of the Kansas State Methodist Camp-meeting.

OUR enterprising publishers, Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, send to our table *Evidences of Revealed Religion*, by Edward Thomson, D. D., LL. D., late a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Preface tells us that these lectures were preached before the Theological School of the Boston University only a few months before the author's death. This bright volume contains the life-thoughts, as well as the last utterances, of one of the most accomplished scholars, writers, and speakers that ever graced the American Church. It was not without reason that the eloquent Punshon pronounced him the "Chrysostom of the American pulpit." Every preacher and every layman should possess a copy of this learned and literary volume.

THE same publishers send us also *Household Stories*, by Eleanor Kimmont, four beautiful story-books, in a series, just such as children like, arrayed in a dress of sparkling green, and containing twenty pretty tales by an entertaining writer; a fine gift to a pupil as a reward of merit, and just the thing to place in the Sunday-school library. These books vanish like "hot cakes" on a frosty morning.

Editor's Table.

POETRY.—Herbert Spencer says ornamentation precedes dress, as running precedes walking; and we may add, carrying the thought a little further in the same direction, that song precedes speech, and poetry precedes prose. Hence the effort of the opening mind to express itself in rhythm, and hence, also, the fact that the earliest extant compositions of nations are poetic. Every youth passes through a sentimental period, and probably few who wield the pen at all get through that period without attempting verse. The virus is in the blood and must be worked out, as surely as the measles or chicken-pox. Few become permanent poets, only those gifted by nature with a certain divine insight, improved by practice, sharpened by labor, and perfected by constant use. Verse-makers are not necessarily poets. Faultless verse may be only prose furnished with rhymes and capitals; prose is often the highest style of poetry. In our editorial capacity we not unfrequently get pieces of marked poetic ability, arrayed in defective or slovenly poetic dress. Some write in apparently total ignorance of the laws of rhythm, others

"Make

One line for the other's sake,"

on the Hudibras principle,

"One line for sense and one for rhyme
Is all sufficient for one time."

Others, in fact nearly all ordinary writers, seem to lack the Tennysonian power of packing the greatest number of ideas into the smallest compass, making every word, phrase, and epithet tell, never leaving the impression that a single syllable was put in to make rhyme, or to fill out a line with the requisite number of feet. We are not here to teach rhetoric, and yet when we see how little is needed sometimes to make a piece fit for publication, we are tempted to run a pen through it. Doubtless authors would be as willing as Pope's pesterers were, and would say to us as they did to him,

"Take it;

I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

But in these days, when every thing written is offered for sale at market rates, our only duty is to inspect the goods; and we do not have, like linen-buyers, to bend over the texture with a microscope. We do not read half a dozen stanzas, before the defective rhyme, limping rhythm, expletives, platitudes, fearful figures, wretched violations of grammar, reason, rhetoric or sense, condemn the whole thing to the waste-basket. If the writer asks the favor, we send the manuscript back, at his expense. If it is passable, we good-naturedly accept it, and lay it aside for possible use, always, however, honestly advertising the writers that, if they are in a particular hurry to see their lines in print, they had better send them to the nearest newspaper. The poetic passion is a species

of madness, and the poet a madman. The modern mode of treatment of lunatics is to indulge the fancy of the patient. If he insanely believes himself to be Brutus, say to him, "Yes, you are Brutus;" but beware lest he mistake you for Julius Cæsar, or he may give you sharp proof of his love. In like manner, it is dangerous to encourage the poetic frenzy, lest it take a short turn on you, overwhelm you with its effusions, and smother you, out of sheer kindness, with what it deems will be for your own best good.

BISHOP-PICTURES.—Engravers and photographers hasten to satisfy the natural longing of the extended membership of the Methodist Church to become acquainted pictorially, if they may not personally, with their "chief ministers." The Bostonians have published a beautiful steel engraving, exhibiting fine likenesses of the thirteen living bishops, arranged in the order of their election. As it is to be given as a premium to subscribers of the *Zion's Herald*, and sells at the low price of a dollar and a half, we are safe in predicting that it will adorn the walls of thousands of parlors in all parts of our wide-spread connection. Since the late General Conference, one or more pictures have been issued purporting to give the heads of all the Methodist bishops, historically, from Wesley and Coke downward. To be true to fact, such pictures should contain the heads of Bishops Soule and Andrew, as well as the African Missionary Bishops Burns and Roberts.

TASSO, TORQUATO, inadvertently slipped into the place of Dante, in a book-notice in our last issue, as critics have not failed to observe. The freak of recollection was not discovered till the sheets were placed in the editor's hands to make out an index, preparatory to binding, when correction was impossible. The author of the "*Commedia*" lived from 1265 to 1321; the writer of the "*Gierusalemme Liberata*" from 1544 to 1595. Two years ago, Longfellow sent us afresh to the original, but, as in all former attempts to read the great "*Vision*," we could not get beyond the further confines of hell. When the tragic is over, there is little interest in the remainder of the play. The "*Jerusalem*" enchains and fascinates, from the opening to the last canto.

NOVELISTS are character-painters. It is not merely their business to "catch the living manners as they rise," to represent acts, paint scenery, instruct and amuse, it is theirs to "hold the mirror up to nature," to study man, to analyze character, to show the power of situation and circumstance, and, above all, to make us comprehend those minute shades and differences which men of ordinary observation do not see unless attention is drawn to them. If any good

is to come of novel-reading beyond mere amusement, rest of mind from severer studies, or pleasurable excitement, it must come from making practical, personal use of the insight with which genius or study has gifted the novelist, and turning the experience or observation of the romancist to our own personal advantage. In the "Millionaire," a novel full of extravagances of plot and passion, Miss Mühlbach gives us, in one of her chapters, some subtle distinctions between male and female character, the study of which would save many of the gentler sex hours of unhappiness, and may also instruct the "sterner" side of the house at how little expense clouds and tear-showers may be banished from the household. The fair German authoress discourses as follows:

"Women little imagine how often they estrange the object of their love by its very excess; how often they drive him from their sides by the exhibition of the restlessness of passion, which is so far from the quiet serenity of true enjoyment. In this lies the most distinct difference between the love of a man and that of a woman. In love, the woman constantly seeks new emotions, new demonstrations, new oaths and assurances. The man prefers the repose of tranquil happiness; he wishes not to be constantly kindling the embers into a glowing flame, but rests contented with the peaceful enjoyment of the fire as it is; from the glowing Summer he would flee to the cool shades. To him the tranquil repose of love seems the highest happiness. His companion considers this certainty and security of his love to be simply indifference. Every hour she would ask him anew if he continues to love her, or if she is constantly in his thoughts. He asks no such questions, and she weeps in silence. Ah, how often do tears serve to cool a husband's love! How effectually do reproaches for the lack of love render the supposed lack real!"

RHYMESTERS.—We sorted over with great patience, not long since, fifty pieces of proffered verse, and found perhaps six out of the half hundred that did not do violence to the plainest rules of verse-structure. We found abundance of such rhymes as these, copied at random from lines whose authors are waiting, with exemplary patience, for their publication:

bles,	mead,	past,	God,	kisses,	is,
kiss.	dead.	waste.	bestowed.	dresses.	seas.
form,	dress,	July,	fashion,	thoughts,	poise,
mourn.	blemishes.	beauty.	edification.	knots.	laws.
stone,	moan,	going,	choose,	unanimity,	holds,
dome.	foam.	wrong,	loose.	charity.	souls.
waste,	dawn,	blossom,	green,	grave,	weave,
face.	morn.	bosom.	gleam.	fade.	leaves.

Words are also made one-syllabled or two according to the exigencies of the lines; as, toward and to-ward, flower and flow-er, heaven and heav-en, tired and ti-red. Such rhyming and rhythming may adorn albums and tomb-stones, but will not add to the literary fame of a monthly magazine. It is really beneath criticism.

PETER CARTWRIGHT, the venerable pioneer itinerant of the West, died at his residence, Pleasant Plains, Sangamon County, Illinois, September 25th. His "Life," written by himself, is in every library. He was born in Virginia in 1785, converted in 1801, removed to Kentucky in 1804, ordained elder in 1808, and emigrated to Illinois in 1824, where he planted his family on a farm, which henceforth became the center of his orbit, around which he revolved, on circuits and districts, for nearly fifty years, as a sailor or mercantile drummer travels at large, and visits home at rare intervals.

Like all men, Cartwright had his successes and failures, his strong points and his weaknesses. In generalship he was Napoleonic, in management shrewd, in government tyrannical, in debate fearless, and in his own Conference peerless, though on the floor of the General Conference he shone less conspicuously. He was often in minorities, and had a theory that minorities were oftener right than majorities. His preaching was characterized by strong sense, contempt of cant, and a ready wit which often threw his congregations into convulsions of laughter, and a sympathy which not unfrequently melted all to tears. He is about the last of the Leather-stocking, corn-bread, and jeans growth of Western Methodism. For forty years he rode the prairies, swam the streams, floundered through sloughs ("slews," they call them in Illinois), saw the Indians disappear, railroads, telegraphs, iron bridges, steamers, and inter-oceanic transit come in, slavery, against which he waged a life-long warfare, abolished, and State and Church starting out on a new career of growth and greatness; of all which he could say,

"Magna para fui."

With trembling hands and feeble grasp, he clung to the harness to the last. No superannuation for him! He would die as he had lived, an itinerant. As the years recede, mistakes, errors in judgment, personal eccentricities, and personal ambitions, will disappear, and his name, in the history of Methodism, the reminiscences of early border life, and the story of the Central Mississippi States, will be imperishable.

"YOUR religious experience is stirring and suggestive; but the good Presbyterian's reply was too reticent. Methodism grew grandly while we 'spake often one to another.' *Fresh, real experience strengthens us.*" A. H.

FANNY FERN—Mrs. Sarah P. Parton—sister of Nathaniel P. Willis, one of the most popular of American female writers, died in October last. She commenced publishing, in 1853, "Fern Leaves," of which, in a few months, 180,000 copies were sold. Of her first novel, "Ruth Hall," 50,000 copies were sold within eight months after its publication. Her second, "Rose Clark," 1855, also met with great success. She was first married, 1834, to Charles H. Eldredge, of Boston, who died in 1846, and, 1855, to James Parton, an Americanized Englishman, who has fitted biographies to almost every distinguished American, from Benjamin Franklin to Horace Greeley.

As a writer, Mrs. Parton was natural and original, and thousands owe her gratitude and regret, and feel a thrill of pleasure when their eye rests on the pretty sobriquet, Fanny Fern.

A PORTRAIT of JOSEPH HOLDICH graces this number of the LADIES' REPOSITORY. It is a spirited picture, as well as an accurate likeness of one of the most useful promoters of education and vital religion in America. According to Judd's invaluable "Wesleyan University Alumni Records," the subject of our artist's pencil and of this sketch was born at Thorney, Cambridgeshire, England, April 20, 1804, educated at a private classical school, and sent to this country to complete his education and study law, in 1818. Two years later he was converted, and joined the Methodist Church; and in 1822 commenced itinerant life in the Philadelphia Conference. In 1835, he was elected to a professorship in the Wesleyan University, and in 1869 became Secretary of the American Bible Society, which position he now occupies. We can hardly realize that our old friend and teacher has been fifty years in the service of the Church, in the responsible positions of pastor, professor, and Bible-circulator. We wonder if the Church realizes it, or if the doctor realizes it himself? It is premature, or would be, to give the world our opinion of the life-labors of this devoted servant of God and the Church. If we outlive him, we will speak our mind when he is not present to give us mortal hearing. For the time being, it must satisfy us and our readers that we have accomplished a labor of love in gracing our periodical with the lineaments of one whose extensive acquirements, literary culture, executive ability, theological exactness, pulpit and platform eloquence, urbane manners, placid piety, and gentle love, have won him a high place in the counsels and confidence of his own and all sister Christian denominations. There are faces that it betters the heart to look upon. The thousands who have known Professor Holdich will welcome his appearance in the REPOSITORY gallery. Those who have known him only by reputation will improve their tastes and lives by dwelling lovingly over this light-and-shadow impress of manly character and religious purity and saintliness.

OUR LANDSCAPE.—Boniton Lin is a picturesque fall on the River Clyde, near Lanark, Scotland. It is a beautiful scene, and makes a beautiful picture, at once natural, artistic, and attractive; one of those quiet scenes which beginners with the pencil will be sure to copy, and over which the tasteful will linger with delight.

ART OF ENTERTAINING.—"You are a public instructor," said a friend, to-day; "I wish you would give our kind hostesses a suggestion or two."

"What would you have suggested?"

"First, I would have them study to make a guest so perfectly at home as not to feel obliged to make any especial effort at what is called 'entertaining.' Leave the friend to take care of himself, and by no means talk him blind in the effort to do the agreeable."

"Any other hint?"

"Yes; tell them never, 'except in cases of extreme necessity,' as the Discipline words it, to put two men to sleep in one bed. Give one a sofa, a 'shake-down,' a 'standee,' or a blanket and pillow on the floor, first. Wesley slept on the hard floors of the Irish cabins, and modern physiology teaches that hard beds are the real luxury. Feather-beds are ancient and outgrown abominations."

In log-cabin days, "doubling up" was a necessity; and yet Bishop Capers, twenty-five years ago, read his Missouri diocese a fearful lecture on the impropriety of a practice, which existed in early days, of the different sexes sleeping in the same apartment without screen, partition, or curtain of any sort between the lodgers. In those days, crowded apartments and double sleepings were a necessity; and we well remember how, in 1846, *en route* for the Illinois Conference, fourteen ministers slept on the puncheon floor of a cabin fourteen feet square, while the kindly family sought the barns and the lofts to make room for the deluge of guests; and how, the next night, three-fourths of the Faculty of M'Kendree College, specified in university parchments as "*reverendi, venerandi, honorandi*," crowded their wit, sapience, learning, and dignity, into one narrow, rickety bed, the only one the place afforded, and the benevolent host, as he took away the light, the only one in the house, kindly said, "Good-night, strangers; I reckon it's a sure chance as how you'll have a right smart of a scrouge there before morning."

END OF THE YEAR.—This number closes the thirty-second volume of the REPOSITORY. The hour suggests the retrospective and the prospective. The past is before our readers. What shall we do to render the pet and only magazine of the Church more attractive and useful in the future? Of one thing subscribers may rest assured, that publishers and editors will do all our means will allow us to do toward making our journal the best in the land. To do this, we must have money; and money can only be had by increasing the subscription-list; and this must be done by the active agency of Methodist preachers, as we are cut off all car-circulation, news-rooms, and clubs. We have no lack of material. More than two hundred contributions are on hand now—enough to run the REPOSITORY for a year—and every mail brings a fresh supply. Of these our readers shall have the best. Sixty or seventy of our best writers, two-thirds of the whole, are ladies; and thus the REPOSITORY is fulfilling its original mission of developing the female talent of the land. The January number will contain a steel-engraved portrait of the late editor—now Bishop Wiley. The other bishops will follow in turn. The contrast between the magnificent steel engravings and relatively ugly wood cuts in the same magazine, causes a general desire for the removal of the latter, which shall be gratified as early as possible. And now we close the year, and the volume, with wishing subscribers and contributors, at one breath, MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

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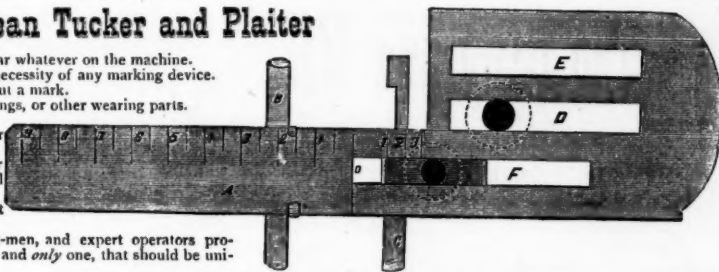
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Contents for January.

ENGRAVINGS.

THE SITTER BRIDGE, NEAR ST. GALLEN, SWITZERLAND.
PORTRAIT OF REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE.
Margaret, Queen of Navarre—Rev. Charles Adams, D. D.	1
Only a Little Flower—A Christmas Story—Rev. B. St. James Fry, D. D.	7
Westminster Abbey—Emily L. Wyman	11
Jerusalem Trodden Down of the Gentiles—Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.	13
"He that Keepeth Thee"—Mary Thomson	16
Taking Leave—(Illustrated)	17
Starlight—Mrs. Virginia Quarles	18
Evening Shades and Morning Light	18
John Bunyan—Number I—(Illustrated)	19
The Treasure Digger—From the German of Frank Weidman	26
Visit to the Danubian Principalities—I—(Illustrated)—Nelson Boyd	34
The Church Commonwealth and its Holy War—Rev. E. A. Lawrence, D. D.	40

	PAGE.
Gathering Peruvian Bark, (Illustrated)	43
Through the Fire—Mrs. Jennie F. Willing	46
Wait—Luella Clark	49
Sweet Faces	49
Rev. John P. Durbin, D. D.—Editor	50
Elsie's Christmas Flowers—Part I—Margaret T. Janvier	54
M. Louisa Chitwood—Mrs. Mary E. Nealy	58
The Change—Rev. D. Stevenson, D. D.	59
Fugit Hora—Helen F. More	63
"Do not Tell it at the Gloaming"—Adelaide Stout	64

CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY—

The Palace of Verity—Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy	65
"Just Going to"—C. F.	66
Sonsy; or, How to Conquer Spelling—Uncle Hugh	67
A Little Thing	68

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GATHERINGS OF THE MONTH	69
Family Inhumanity—The World Without God—A Serious Subject—A Wife's Power—How to be Happy—The Problem of Evil—Failures in Society—Womanly Economy—That Day—The Heart	
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE	72
The Earth—The Ancient History of the East—Life and Letters of Catherine M. Sedgwick—Ministering Children and Sequel—Belle Lovel—Saving Faith: Its Rationale—Misread	

Passages of Scripture—Aunt Jane's Hero—The Red Shanty Boys—"The Great Calamity"—Agate Stories—Ashcliffe Hall—Old Curiosity Shop, and American Notes; Our Mutual Friend; Martin Chuzzlewit; Dombey and Son.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

About our Monthly Magazine—Delegates to the General Conference—Death of Mrs. Bishop Morris—Death of Alfred Cookman—Home Amusements—Plan of Episcopal Visitation.

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